

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
*WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.*

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VOL. II.

THE  
POLITICAL WORKS

OF  
WILLIAM EMMET STONE

VOL. II

11



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, *Esq.*  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

————— *Sæpe ego longos*  
*Cantando puerum memini me condere soles.* VIRO.

IMITATION.

Right well I call to mind  
When (yet a Boy) whole suns and lengthen'd days  
I oft employ'd in chaunting sylvan lays.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. II.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUNIOR, AND W. DAVIES,  
IN THE STRAND.

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1798.

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OF  
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

London: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, 1748.

IMITATION.

Right well I wish to mind,  
When you are dead, whose loss and teacher's days  
I am oblig'd to think of every day.

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598



SONGS, BALLADS,

&c.

Vol. II.

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SONGS, BALLADS,

&c.

Vol. II.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH:

A BALLAD ALLUDING TO A STORY RECORDED OF  
HER, WHEN SHE WAS PRISONER AT  
WOODSTOCK, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining  
Great ELIZA captive lay  
Each ambitious thought resigning,  
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway

While the nymphs and swains delighted  
Tript around in all their pride;  
Envyng joys by others slighted,  
Thus the royal maiden cry'd



" Bred on plains, or born in vallies,  
 Who would bid those scenes adieu ?  
 Stranger to the arts of malice,  
 Who would ever courts pursue ?

Malice never taught to treasure,

Censure never taught to bear :

Love is all the shepherd's pleasure ;

Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station

Vainly blame the powers above ?

Or accuse the dispensation

Which allows them all to love ?

Love like air is widely given ;

Pow'r nor chance can these restrain ;

Truest, noblest gifts of heaven !

Only purest on the plain !



Peers can no such charms discover,  
 All in stars and garters drest,  
 As, on Sundays, does the lover  
 With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,  
 Said to fade when CHLOE's near;  
 Fops may use the same allusion;  
 But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing  
 Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;  
 Cowslips all around her springing  
 Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden  
 Move so sprightly, look so fair;  
 Never breast with jewels laden  
 Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted  
Me some rural damsel's part !  
All the empire I had wanted  
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,  
Free from fetters, might I rove :  
Fearless taste the crystal fountains ;  
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving ;  
Partial to my virgin bloom :  
None had envy'd me when living ;  
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

NANCY OF THE VALE.

A BALLAD.

*Nerine Galatea ! thymo mihi dulcior Hybla !  
Candidior cygnis ! hederâ formosior alba !*

IMITATION.

O Galatea, Nereus' blooming child,  
More sweet than thyme by \* Hybla bees exhal'd,  
Fairer than swans, more beauteous to behold  
Than ivy's purest white.

THE western sky was purpled o'er

With every pleasing ray :

And flocks reviving felt no more

The sultry heats of day :

\* HYBLA—a mountain in Sicily, famous for producing the finest honey.

When from an hazel's artless bower  
Soft warbled STREPHON's tongue;  
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,  
While NANCY's praise he sung.

"Let fops with fickle falshood range  
The paths of wanton love,  
While weeping maids lament their change,  
And sadden every grove :

But endless blessings crown the day  
I saw fair ESHAM's dale !  
And every blessing find its way  
To NANCY of the Vale.

'Twas from AVONA's banks the maid  
Diffus'd her lovely beams ;  
And every shining glance display'd  
The naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young;  
 That float on Avon's tide;  
 Bright as the water-lily, sprung,  
 And glittering near its side;

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom;  
 Her eye, all mild to view;  
 The little halcyon's azure plume  
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,  
 So taper, strait, and fair;  
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,  
 How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,  
 This peerless bud I found;  
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd  
 To fence her beauties round.



That nature in so lone a dell  
Should form a nymph so sweet !  
Or fortune to her secret cell  
Conduct my wandering feet !

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,  
But she would ne'er incline :  
" Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,  
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis STREPHON, on the mountain's brow;  
Has won my right good-will ;  
To him I gave my plighted vow,  
With him I'll climb the hill,"

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
I clasp'd the constant fair ;  
To her alone I gave my youth,  
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,  
Or I those charms forego ;  
The stream that saw our tender love,  
That stream shall cease to flow.

## ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'T WAS in a cool Aonian glade,  
The wanton CUPID, spent with toil,  
Had sought refreshment from the shade ;  
And stretch'd him on the mossy foil.

A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found  
The subtle traitor fast asleep ;  
And is it thine to snore profound,  
She said, yet leave the world to weep ?

But hush—from this auspicious hour,  
The world, I ween, may rest in peace;  
And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,  
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,  
And this thy vile artillery hide—  
When the Castalian fount she saw,  
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!  
Shall cause you soon to curse the day  
You dar'd the shafts of love invade;  
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wonderful clear,  
When angry CUPID searches round,  
Will not the radiant points appear?  
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and every dart,  
 Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,  
 Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;  
 And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell ye Pierian quire;  
 For who will now your altars throng?  
 From love we learn to swell the lyre;  
 And echo asks no sweeter song.

## SONGS,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY BETWEEN THE YEARS

1737 AND 1742.

## SONG I.

**I**TOLD my nymph, I told her true,  
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
 While faltering accents spoke my fear,  
 That FLAVIA might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
And vagrant sheep that left my fold :  
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;  
And is not FLAVIA then sincere ?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,  
The friends I lov'd became unkind,  
She heard, and shed a generous tear ;  
And is not FLAVIA then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
My FLAVIA must not hope for dress ;  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;  
And FLAVIA sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,  
Go reap the plenty of your plains ;  
Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
I know my FLAVIA's love sincere.



## SONG II.

## THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleas'd within my native bowers  
Ere while I pass'd the day !  
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ?  
Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,  
And all the landscape round !  
The river gliding down the dale !  
The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urg'd by tender woes  
I speed to meet my dear,  
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,  
And check my fond career.

No more, since DAPHNE was my theme,  
 Their wonted charms I see:  
 That verdant hill, and silver stream,  
 Divide my love and me.

## SONG III.

**Y**E gentle nymphs and generous dames,  
 That rule o'er every British mind;  
 Be sure ye foorth their amorous flames,  
 Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom  
 In unremitting fighs away:  
 To mourn the night's oppressivè gloom,  
 And faintly blefs the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,  
A British youth should vainly moan ;  
Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,  
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,  
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,  
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,  
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

## SONG IV.

## THE SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,  
To DAPHNE'S window speed thy way ;  
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,  
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matin song,  
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,  
To DAMON's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
The bird from Indian groves may shine ;  
But ask the lovely partial maid,  
What are his notes compar'd to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,  
And all his flaunting race with scorn ;  
And lend an ear to DAMON's woe,  
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

## SONG V.

*Ah ! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos  
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.*

## IMITATION:

Why should I wish to banish sore disease,  
Unless returning health my DELIA please ?

ON every tree, in every plain,  
I trace the jovial spring in vain !  
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,  
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,  
That smile on others, smile on me ;  
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,  
Nor shed a tear before they close.



What blifs to me can feafons bring?  
Or, what the needlefs pride of fpring?  
The cyprefs bough, that fuits the bier,  
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine fo fresh and fair  
Might claim awhile my wonted care;  
My rural ftore fome pleasure yield;  
So white a flock, fo green a field!

My friends, that each in kindnefs vie,  
Might well expect one parting figh;  
Might well demand one tender tear;  
For when was DAMON infincere?

But ere I ask once more to view  
Yon fetting fun his race renew,  
Inform me, fwains; my friends, declare,  
Will pitying DELIA join the prayer?

## SONG VI.

## THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.

YES; FULVIA is like VENUS fair;  
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air:  
But still, to perfect ev'ry grace,  
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic JUNO wore,  
And CYNTHIA's brow the crescent bore,  
An helmet mark'd MINERVA's mien,  
But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,  
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves!  
And from her zone, the nymph may find  
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair ; and all whose aim  
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,  
Or bid her breathe in living stone,  
Shall take their forms from you alone.

## SONG VII. 1744.

THE lovely DELIA smiles again !  
That killing frown has left her brow :  
Can she forgive my jealous pain,  
And give me back my angry vow ?

Love is an April's doubtful day :  
Awhile we see the tempest low'r ;  
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,  
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flow'rs, that hung their languid head,  
Are burnish'd by the transient rains ;  
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,  
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less,  
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,  
In every raptur'd note, express  
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

## SONG VIII. 1742.

WHEN bright ROXANA treads the green,  
In all the pride of dress and mien ;  
Averse to freedom, love and play,  
The dazzling rival of the day :  
None other beauty strikes mine eye,  
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair  
Assumes a soft engaging air ;  
Mild as the opening morn of May,  
Familiar, friendly, free and gay :  
The scene improves, where'er she goes,  
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid ! propitious hear,  
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere ;  
Pity a wild illusive flame,  
That varies objects still the same :  
And let their very changes prove  
The never-vary'd force of love.



## SONG IX. 1743.

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

'TIS said that under distant skies,  
Nor you the fact deny ;  
What first attracts an Indian's eyes  
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,  
That shares the morning's ray,  
May to the waking swain disclose  
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,  
Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,  
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,  
Where blooms the sov'reign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,  
And gay with gilded wings,  
Perchance, the patron of his vow,  
Some artless linnet fings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,  
Then low to earth he bends ;  
And owns upon her friendly aid  
His health, his life depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flow'r,  
To tempt a votary's pray'r!—  
How would his humble homage tow'r  
Should he behold my Fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes,  
O'er FLAVIA's beauty range,  
He there would fix his lasting choice,  
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

## SONG X. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wonderous near,  
That, from these fountains, bear my dear ;  
A little space is giv'n ; in vain :  
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove  
My boundless flame, my endless love ;  
And like the train of vulgar hours,  
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is DELIA's way,  
On that I gaze the livelong day ;  
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride  
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief, that knows of succours nigh,  
And sees his mangled legions die,  
Casts not a more impatient glance,  
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires  
Far from his native home, requires  
To see some friend's familiar face,  
Or meet a parent's last embrace——

She comes—but ah ! what crowds of beaux  
In radiant bands my fair inclose ;  
Oh ! better hadst thou shun'd the green,  
Oh DELIA ! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,  
By all my sighs, by all my tears,  
I might from torture now be free—  
'Tis more than death to part from thee !

## SONG XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,  
That melts my soul when FLAVIA's nigh;  
Where wit and sense like her's agree,  
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,  
It needs no lover's eye to find;  
The hermit freezing in his cell  
Might wish the gentle FLAVIA well.

It is not love—averse to bear  
The servile chain that lovers wear;  
Let, let me all my fears remove,  
My doubts dispel—it is not love—



Oh! when did wit so brightly shine  
In any form less fair than thine?  
It is—it is love's subtle fire,  
And under friendship lurks desire.

## SONG XII. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,  
And wither'd heaths I rove;  
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,  
I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my path were damask'd o'er  
With beauties e'er so fine;  
My busy thoughts would fly before  
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills cou'd give delight,

No palace please mine eye :

No pyramid's aerial height,

Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance,

Could I the pageant see :

Splendor might catch one scornful glance,

Not steal one thought from thee.

### SONG XIII.

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,  
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the  
rill ;

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,  
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,  
And DELIA's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue ;  
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
I should wish, unawares, that my DELIA might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,  
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd !  
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,  
I still must my DELIA's dear image renew :  
The graces have yielded with DELIA to rove,  
And the muses are all in alliance with love.

## SONG XIV.

## THE ROSE-BUD.

SEE, DAPHNE, see, FLORELIO cry'd,  
And learn the sad effects of pride ;  
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd !  
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd !

The sun with warm attractive rays  
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze :  
A gale succeeds from Eastern skies,  
And all its blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,  
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine  
Where fame's transporting rays allure,  
Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid  
Shall make you sigh you left the shade ;  
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,  
As, to the rose, an Eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd—You first, my swain,  
Confine your sonnets to the plain ;  
One envious tongue alike difarms,  
You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill ?  
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?  
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,  
Or what the rose's blush, unseen ?



## SONG XV.

WINTER. 1746.

No more, ye warbling birds, rejoice :

Of all that cheer'd the plain,  
Echo alone preserves her voice,  
And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-sick limbs I lay,

To shun the rushing wind,

Its busy murmur seems to say,

“ She never will be kind !”

The naiads, o'er the frozen urns,

In icy chains repine ;

And each in sullen silence mourns

Her freedom lost, like mine !

Soon will the sun's returning rays  
The cheerless frost controul;  
When will relenting DELIA chase  
The winter of my soul?

## SONG XVI.

## DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,  
With melting lay salute my love:  
My DAPHNE with your notes detain:  
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs! before her footsteps rise;  
Display at once your brightest dyes;  
That she your opening charms may see:  
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,  
And shed its odours round my bow'r:  
Or never more, O gentle wind,  
Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,  
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,  
May each soft murmur sooth my fair:  
Or oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds  
The melancholy pine surrounds,  
May DAPHNE praise thy peaceful gloom;  
Or thou shalt prove her DAMON's tomb.

## SONG XVII.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF BACCHANALIAN  
SONGS.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join  
To plunge old care in floods of wine;  
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,  
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,  
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,  
But limpid stream and shady tree  
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,  
See yonder does my DAPHNE rove;  
With pride her footsteps I pursue,  
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,  
Is that my DAPHNE's eyes inspire :  
I scorn the madness you approve,  
And value reason next to love.

## SONG XVIII.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

**Y**ES, these are the scenes where with IRIS I stray'd,  
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid !  
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run ;  
In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun !  
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,  
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love !



Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plains,  
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains ;  
How many soft moments I spent in this grove !  
How fair was my nymph ; and how fervent my love !  
Be still tho', my heart ! thine emotion give o'er ;  
Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs  
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs !  
Then breathless with ardor my fair one pursu'd,  
And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd !  
But be still, my fond heart ! this emotion give o'er !  
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

## JEMMY DAWSON.

A BALLAD ; WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS  
EXECUTION, IN THE YEAR 1745,

COME listen to my mournful tale,  
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear ;  
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear KITTY, peerless maid,  
Do thou a penfive ear incline ;  
For thou canst weep at every woe ;  
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young DAWSON was a gallant boy,  
A brighter never trod the plain ;  
And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,  
Of gentle blood the damsel came ;  
And faultless was her beauteous form,  
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
That led the favor'd youth astray ;  
The day the rebel clans appear'd,  
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours, and their fash he wore,  
And in the fatal dress was found ;  
And now he must that death endure,  
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,  
When JEMMY's sentence reach'd her ear !  
For never yet did Alpine snows  
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice, she weeping said, O

O DAWSON, monarch of my heart ;

Think not thy death shall end our loves,

For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,

And bring relief to JEMMY'S woes ;

O GEORGE, without a pray'r for thee,

My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life,

Would crown a never-dying flame ;

And every tender babe I bore

Should learn to lip the giver's name.

But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn

To yonder ignominious tree ;

He shall not want one constant friend

To share the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,  
The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;  
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,  
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view  
The terrible behests of law ;  
And the last scene of JEMMY'S woes,  
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,  
Which she had fondly lov'd so long ;  
And stifled was that tuneful breath,  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,  
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd ;  
And mangled was that beauteous breast,  
On which her love-sick head repos'd :



And ravish'd was that constant heart,  
She did to every heart prefer ;  
For tho' it could its king forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,  
She bore this constant heart to see ;  
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew  
The pure, the lasting love I bore ;  
Accept, O heaven ! of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,  
 The tear my KITTY sheds, is due;  
 For seldom shall she hear a tale  
 So sad, so tender, yet so true.

# A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN 1743.

*Arbusta humilesque myria.*

VIRG.

## EXPLANATION.

Groves and lowly shrubs.

## I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,  
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;  
 Should CORYDON's happen to stray,  
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;  
None once was so watchful as I ;  
—I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove  
With the torture of doubt and desire ;  
What it is, to admire and to love,  
And to leave her we love and admire.  
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,  
And the damps of each ev'ning repel ;  
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :  
—I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since PHYLLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,  
I never once dreamt of my vine ;  
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
If I knew of a kid that was mine.

I priz'd every hour that went by,  
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before !  
But now they are past, and I sigh;  
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?  
Why wander thus pensively here ?  
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,  
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?  
They tell me, my favorite maid,  
The pride of that valley, is flown ;  
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,  
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,  
What anguish I felt at my heart !  
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—  
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;  
 My path I could hardly discern;  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day  
 To visit some far-distant shrine,  
 If he bear but a relique away,  
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.  
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,  
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,  
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,  
 And my solace wherever I go.

## II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
 My grottos are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white-over with sheep.



I seldom have met with a loss,  
Such health do my fountains bestow ;  
My fountains all border'd with moss,  
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :  
Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
But a sweet-briar entwines it around,  
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
More charms than my cattle unfold ;  
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold:

One would think she might like to retire  
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear :  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I hasted and planted it there.

O how sudden the jessamine strove  
With the lilac to render it gay !  
Already it calls for my love,  
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
What strains of wild melody flow !  
How the nightingales warble their loves  
From thickets of roses that blow !  
And when her bright form shall appear,  
Each bird shall harmoniously join  
In a concert so soft and so clear,  
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :  
But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young :  
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
How that pity was due to—a dove :  
That it ever attended the bold ;  
And she call'd it the sister of love.  
But her words such a pleasure convey,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON sighs !  
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
These plains and this valley despise ?

Dear regions of silence and shade !

Soft scenes of contentment and ease !

Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,

If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my PHYLLIDA stray ?

And where are her grotts and her bow'rs ?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,

And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,

And the face of the valleys as fine ;

The swains may in manners compare,

But their love is not equal to mine.

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### III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?

Why term it a folly to grieve ?

Ere I shew you the charms of my love ;

She is fairer than you can believe.

---

With her mien she enamours the brave;  
With her wit she engages the free;  
With her modesty pleases the grave;  
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,  
Come and join in my amorous lays;  
I could lay down my life for the swain,  
That will sing but a song in her praise.  
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town  
Come trooping, and listen the while;  
Nay on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;  
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance  
Any favor with PHYLLIS to find,  
O how, with one trivial glance,  
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!



In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
And his crook is be-studded around ;  
And his pipe—oh may PHYLLIS beware  
Of a magic there is in the sound !

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;  
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,  
“ How her face is as bright as the snow,  
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.  
How the nightingales labour the strain,  
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;  
How they vary their accents in vain,  
Repine at her triumphs, and die.”

To the grove or the garden he strays,  
And pillages every sweet ;  
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,  
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.

“O PHYLLIS, he whispers, more fair,  
More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!  
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?  
What is eglantine, after a show'r?”

Then the lily no longer is white;  
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;  
Then the violets die with despight,  
And the wood-bines give up their perfume.”  
Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;  
—Yet I never should envy the song,  
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
So PHYLLIS the trophy despise:  
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
So they shine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.

The language that flows from the heart  
 Is a stranger to PARIDEL's tongue;  
 ——— Yet may she beware of his art,  
 Or sure I must envy the song.

#### IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep:  
 They have nothing to do but to stray;  
 I have nothing to do but to weep.  
 Yet do not my folly reprove;  
She was fair—and my passion begun;  
She smil'd—and I could not but love;  
She is faithless—and I am undone.  
 Perhaps I was void of all thought:  
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
 That a nymph so complete would be sought  
 By a swain more engaging than me.

Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire;  
It banishes wisdom the while;  
And the lip of the nymph we admire  
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;  
Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
Let reason instruct you to shun  
What it cannot instruct you to cure.  
Beware how you loiter in vain  
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:  
It is not for me to explain  
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,  
What hope of an end to my woes?  
When I cannot endure to forget  
The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain :

The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,  
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,  
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,

The sound of a murmuring stream,  
The peace which from solitude flows,

Henceforth shall be CORYDON's theme :  
High transports are shewn to the sight,  
But we are not to find them our own ;  
Fate never bestow'd such delight,  
As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace :

To your deepest recesses I fly ;  
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,  
I would vanish from every eye.



Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove  
 With the same sad complaint it begun;  
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love;  
 Was faithless, and I am undone!

TO A LADY OF QUALITY,  
 FITTING UP HER LIBRARY. 1738.

AH! what is science, what is art,  
 Or what the pleasure these impart?  
 Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue  
 Through endless fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,  
 To sooth the miseries they shew?  
 What, like the bliss for him decreed,  
 Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd  
From all that glads the simplest hind,  
How rare that object, which supplies  
A charm for too-discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,  
Endures a deeper sense of pain:  
As each invading blast devours  
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,  
The steep ascent of knowledge climb;  
Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale,  
Behold contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, ASTERIA, tell us why  
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh;  
Why then does reason seem so fair,  
Why learning then, deserves our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,  
While you so fair a proof unfold  
What force the brightest genius draws  
From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?  
What strange perfection bids us own  
That bliss with toilsome science dwells,  
And happiest he, who most excels?

### UPON A VISIT TO THE SAME

IN WINTER. 1748.

ON fair ASTERIA's blissful plains,  
Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,  
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day;  
And charm the dull-ey'd spleen away!

No linnet, from the leafless bough,  
Pours forth her note melodious now;  
But all admire ASTERIA's tongue,  
Nor with the linnet's vernal song.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays:  
Yet sure ASTERIA's wit displays  
More various tints, more glowing lines,  
And with perennial beauty shines.

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd streams—  
But ill befriend a poet's dreams:  
ASTERIA's presence wakes the lyre;  
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye;  
No cheerful azure decks the sky!  
Yet still we bless the louring day;  
ASTERIA smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the muse no more presume  
To blame the winter's dreary gloom ;  
Accuse his loit'ring hours no more ;  
But ah ! their envious haste deplore !

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,  
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,  
I go—to meet the coming year,  
On savage plains, and deserts drear !

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,  
Nor find the spring my loss atone !  
But 'mid the flow'ry sweets of May  
With pride recal this winter's day.



WRITTEN IN

A FLOWER BOOK OF MY OWN COLOURING;  
 DESIGNED FOR LADY PLYMOUTH. 1753-4.

*Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ.* HOR.

IMITATION.

Constructor of the tributary wreath  
 For rural maids.

BRING, FLORA, bring thy treasures here,  
 The pride of all the blooming year;  
 And let me, thence, a garland frame,  
 To crown this fair, this peerless dame!

But ah! since envious winter lours,  
 And HEWELL meads resign their flow'rs,  
 Let art and friendship's joint essay  
 Diffuse their flow'rets in her way.

Not nature can, herself, prepare  
A worthy wreath for LESBIA's hair,  
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,  
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to sooth,  
Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,  
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,  
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,  
Deserv'd and won my PLYMOUTH's love!

## THE DYING KID.

*Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi**Prima fugit——*

VIRG.

## IMITATION.

Ah ! wretched mortals we !—our brightest days  
On fleetest pinion fly.

A TEAR bedews my DELIA's eye,  
To think yon playful kid must die ;  
From crystal spring, and flow'ry mead,  
Must, in his prime of life, recede !

Erewhile, in sportive circles round  
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound ;  
From rock to rock pursue his way,  
And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,  
She saw him climb my rustic cell ;  
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,  
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood,  
To trace his features in the flood :

Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze ;  
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed  
He flew, to hear my vocal reed ;  
And how with critic face profound,  
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,  
Deserves the gentle DELIA's care ;  
And tears bedew her tender eye,  
To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my DELIA, timely wife,  
How soon this blameless æra flies?  
While violence and craft succeed;  
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,  
And yield her purple gifts no more;  
Ah soon, eras'd from every grove  
Were DELIA's name, and STREPHON's love.

No more those bow'rs might STREPHON see,  
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;  
No more those beds of flow'rets find,  
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear  
His bosom, now so void of care;  
And, when they left his ebbing vein,  
What, but insipid age, remain?



Then mourn not the decrees of fate,  
 That gave his life so short a date;  
 And I will join my tenderest sighs,  
 To think that youth so swiftly flies!

### THE HALCYON.

**W**HY o'er the verdant banks of ooze  
 Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?  
 'Tis all because she would not lose  
 Her fav'rite calm that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,  
 The stream reflects each flow'ry spray;  
 And frugal of her time she flies  
 To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,  
Warm in some rocky cell remain ;  
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,  
Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated show'r,  
Deform my limpid waves to-day,  
For I have chose a fairer hour  
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my SYLVIA, sure will own  
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll :  
And when our youth, or health is flown,  
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could DAMON but deserve thy charms,  
As thou art DAMON's only theme ;  
He'd fly as quick to DELIA's arms  
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

## VERSES

WRITTEN TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1748,  
TO WILLIAM LYTTELTON, ESQ.

**H**ow blithely pass'd the summer's day!

How bright was every flow'r!

While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,

To visit DAMON's bow'r!

But now, with silent step, I range

Along some lonely shore;

And DAMON's bow'r, alas the change!

Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne

In quest of joy they steer;

Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,

To weep the parting year!

O penfive Autumn ! how I grieve  
 Thy sorrowing face to see !  
 When languid funs are taking leave  
 Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,  
 This dying scene survey !  
 Haste, Winter, haste ; usurp the sky ;  
 Compleat my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast  
 Yon sickening leaves retain ;  
 That speak at once of pleasure past,  
 And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest, I gaze around,  
 My distant scenes require ;  
 Where all in murky vapours drown'd  
 Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' THOMSON, sweet descriptive bard !  
 Inspiring Autumn sung ;  
 Yet how should we the months regard,  
 That stopp'd his flowing tongue ?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,  
 To whose hard share it fell !  
 For sure he was the gentlest breast  
 That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown  
 The roofs they lov'd before ;  
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown  
 To glad some happier shore,

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,  
 The sportsman's frantic deed ;  
 While hounds and horns and yells unite  
 To drown the muse's reed.



Ye fields with blighted herbage brown,  
 Ye skies no longer blue!  
 Too much we feel from fortune's frown,  
 To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unsullied green?  
 The zephyr's balmy gale?  
 And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,  
 That brighten'd every vale?

What tho' the vine disclose her dyes,  
 And boast her purple store;  
 Not all the vineyard's rich supplies  
 Can sooth our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain  
 Could wit and mirth refine;  
 He! he is gone, whose social vein  
 Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,  
In yon sequester'd grove,  
To him a votive urn I raise;  
To him and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend ! forlorn and sad,  
I grave your THOMSON'S name ;  
And there, his lyre ; which fate forbad  
To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount  
Dark themes of hopeless woe ;  
And faster than the dropping fount,  
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,  
Shall shade the hallow'd ground ;  
And Spring will there again be seen,  
To call forth flow'rs around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,

Once more, his social hour ;

Ah Spring ! thou never canst repair

This loss to DAMON's bow'r. x

LEVITIES;

OR

PIECES OF HUMOUR.

But no kind love will bid me share in this

Once more, his social heart is free

At Spring! then never shall repeat

This loss to Danby's bowls and all

his fine garden I shall ever prize

When I recollect that every

garden and field I walk in this

small garden may bear of

memory, that reminds me that I am

in a world of things so mortal

and that I am so near the end

of my journey here

that I am glad to see the end

of my journey here

and that I am so near the end

of my journey here

FLIRT AND TRILL

A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.

# LEVITIES;

OR

## PIECES OF HUMOUR.



LEVITIES:

OR

PIECES OF HUMOUR.

## FLIRT AND PHIL;

### A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.

**A** WIT, by learning well refin'd,

A beau, but of the rural kind,

To SILVIA made pretences;

They both profess'd an equal love:

Yet hop'd, by different means to move

Her judgment, or her senses.

Young sprightly FLIRT, of blooming mien,

Watch'd the best minutes to be seen;

Went—when his glass advis'd him:

While meagre PHIL of books inquir'd;

A wight for wit and parts admir'd;

And witty ladies priz'd him.

SILVIA had wit, had spirits too ;

To hear the one, the other view,

Suspended held the scales :

Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its share,

Let none the preference declare,

But turn up—heads or tails.

## STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF AN AGREEABLE LADY,

BURIED IN MARRIAGE TO A PERSON

UNDESERVING HER.

**T**WAS always held, and ever will,

By sage mankind, discreeter,

T' anticipate a lesser ill,

Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,  
And languishing conditions;  
Who don't the lesser ills sustain  
Of phyfic—and phyficians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,  
He that but little wife is,  
Full gladly pays four parts in eight  
To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone  
For lost ships not requiting:  
This bears our noble k—, to shun  
The loss of blood—in fighting!

With num'rous ills, in single life,  
The bachelor's attended:  
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—  
And much the case is mended!

Poor GRATIA, in her twentieth year,  
 Foreseeing future woe,  
 Chose to attend a monkey here,  
 Before an ape below.

## COLEMIRA.

## A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

*Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.*

## IMITATION.

Insensible of soft desire,  
 Behold Colemira prove  
 More partial to the *kitchen fire*  
 Than to the *fire of love*.

NIGHT's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,  
 And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed :  
 When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,  
 Had seated DAMON by the kitchen fire.



Penfive he lay, extended on the ground ;  
The little lares kept their vigils round ;  
The fawning cats compassionate his case,  
And purr around, and gently lick his face :

To all his 'plaints the sleeping curs reply,  
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.  
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,  
And solitude to them is best society.

Could I (he cry'd) express, how bright a grace  
Adorns thy morning hands, and well-wash'd face ;  
Thou would'st, COLEMIRA, grant what I implore,  
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

Ah ! who can see, and seeing not admire,  
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire !  
Her hands out-shine the fire and redder things !  
Her eyes are blacker than the pot she brings.

But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,  
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,  
When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,  
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distils.

Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,  
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!  
For late, when bees to change their climes began,  
How did I see 'em thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I should not envy G— his queen,  
Tho' she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen:  
Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair-one's gown,  
In russet pomp, and greasy pride hang down.

Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,  
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!  
How would that voice exceed the village bell;  
Wou'dst thou but sing, "I like thee passing well!"

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,  
How soft ! how easy, did her accents flow !  
“Get out,” she cry’d, “when strangers come to sup,  
“One ne’er can raise those snoring devils up.”

Then, full of wrath, she kick’d each lazy brute,  
Alas ! I envy’d even that salute :  
’Twas sure misplac’d,—SHOCK said, or seem’d to say,  
He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If she the mystic bellows take in hand,  
Who like the fair can that machine command ?  
O may’st thou ne’er by EOLUS be seen,  
For he wou’d sure demand thee for his queen.

But shou’d the flame this rougher aid refuse,  
And only gentler med’cines be of use ;  
With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,  
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts, as these, exalt the drooping fire,  
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire :  
I burn ! I burn ! O ! give thy puffing o'er,  
And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips no more !

With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen,  
When this proud damsel had more humble been,  
When with nice airs she hoist the pancake round,  
And dropt it, hapless fair ! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace ! what winning tricks !  
The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks !  
So bright she makes the candlesticks the handles,  
Oft have I said,—there were no need of candles.

But thou, my fair ! who never would'st approve,  
Or hear the tender story of my love ;  
Or mind, how burns my raging breast—a button—  
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.

Thus said, and wept, the sad desponding swain,  
 Revealing to the fable walls his pain :  
 But nymphs are free with those they shou'd deny ;  
 To those, they love, more exquisitely coy !

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,  
 The lambent flames in languid streams arise,  
 And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

### THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD. 1737.

'T WAS in a land of learning,  
 The muses' fav'rite city,  
 Such pranks of late  
 Were play'd by a rat,  
 As—tempt one to be witty.



All in a college study,  
Where books were in great plenty ;  
This rat would devour  
More sense in an hour,  
Than I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,  
Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir ;  
But this, a rat of taste,  
All other rats surpass'd ;  
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfast, half the morning,  
He constantly attended ;  
And when the bell rung  
For ev'ning song,  
His dinner scarce was ended !

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,  
On which we poets pride us;  
And wou'd make no more  
Of king ARTHUR's\*, by the score,  
Than—all the world beside does.

In books of geo-graphy,  
He made the maps to flutter:  
A river or a sea  
Was to him a dish of tea;  
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion  
Might chance to over-dose him,  
To check its rage,  
He took a page  
Of logic—to compose him—

\* By BLACKMORE.

A trap, in haste and anger,  
Was bought, you need not doubt on't ;  
And, such was the gin,  
Were a lion once got in,  
He cou'd not, I think, get out on't.

With cheefe, not books, 'twas baited,  
The fact—I'll not belye it—  
Since none—I tell you that—  
Whether scholar or rat,  
Mind books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,  
Why shou'd I sing, or either ?  
Since the rat, who knew the sleight,  
Came in the dead of night,  
And dragg'd 'em away together :

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,  
Thro' a fracture in the flooring ;  
Which, tho' so trim  
It now may seem,  
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages !  
Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,  
Had the rat which thus did seize on  
The trap, less claim to reason,  
Than many a scull among ye ?

DAN PRIOR's mice, I own it,  
Were vermin of condition ;  
But this rat, who merely learn'd  
What rats alone concern'd,  
Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy-turvy,  
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir ;  
Since traps, we may determine,  
Will no longer take our vermin,  
But vermin \* take our traps, Sir.

Let fophs, by rats infested,  
Then trust in cats to catch 'em ;  
Lest they grow as learn'd as we,  
In our studies ; where, d'ye see,  
No mortal fits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains ;  
Good luck betide our cats, Sir ;  
And grant that the one  
May quell the Spanish Don,  
And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

\* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.



## ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,  
The weary audience vow,  
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,  
But 'tis his herds that low.

ON MR. C—— OF KIDDERMINSTER'S  
POETRY.

THY verses, friend, are KIDDERMINSTER\* stuff,  
And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

\*KIDDERMINSTER, famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

## TO THE VIRTUOSOS.

**H**AIL, curious wights! to whom so fair  
The form of mortal flies is!  
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,  
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morafs or mound,  
You make your sportsman fallies;  
Or that your prey in gardens found  
Is urg'd thro' walks and allies.

Yet, in the fury of the chafe,  
No flope cou'd e'er retard you;  
Blest if one fly repay the race,  
Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as CAMILLA \* o'er the plain;

Pursu'd the glitt'ring stranger;

Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,

And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat

To nature's filmy people;

Know what conserves they chuse to eat,

And what liqueurs to tipple.

And, 'if her brood of insects dies,

You sage assistance lend her;

Can stoop to pimp for am'rous flies,

And help 'em to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;

And, when the birth's at hand,

Exerting your obstetric pow'r,

Prevent a mothless land.

\* See VIRGIL.

Yet oh ! howe'er your tow'ring view  
Above gross objects rises,  
Whate'er refinements you pursue,  
Hear, what a friend advises :

A friend, who, weigh'd with your's, must prize  
DOMITIAN's idle passion ;  
That wrought the death of teasing flies,  
But ne'er their propagation.

Let FLAVIA's eyes more deeply warm,  
Nor thus your hearts determine  
To flight dame nature's fairest form,  
And sigh for nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaux,  
No more as triflers treat 'em ;  
'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,  
Than cherish moths, that eat 'em.

## THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

*Aliusque et idem.*

## EXPLANATION.

Another, and the same.

WHEN TOM to CAMBRIDGE first was sent,  
A plain brown bob he wore ;  
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant  
To be a fop no more.

See him to LINCOLN'S-INN repair,  
His resolution flag ;  
He cherishes a length of hair,  
And tucks it in a bag.



Nor COKE nor SALKELD he regards,  
But gets into the house,  
And soon a judge's rank rewards  
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs! ye bags give place!  
Full bottoms come instead!  
Good L—d! to see the various ways  
Of dressing—a calve's-head!

## THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE:

## A COMMON CASE.

*Suade, nam certum est.*

## EXPLANATION.

Advise it, for 'tis fix'd.

SAYS RICHARD to THOMAS (and seem'd half afraid)

"I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid :

Now, because Mrs. LUCY to thee is well known,

I will do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest on't ; 'tis no jest to me ;

For 'faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free.

I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,

But I'd have thy advice, ere I tye myself to her."

Said THOMAS to RICHARD, "To speak my opinion,  
There is not such a b—ch in King GEORGE's dominion,  
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,  
Thou wou'dst chuse out a whipping-post, first, to be  
ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,  
And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."

Next day RICHARD hasten'd to church and was wed,  
And ere night had inform'd her what THOMAS had  
said.

## A BALLAD.

*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.* HOR.

PROVERBIALIZED.

Every one to his liking.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,  
To bring down a wife, whom the swains might admire:  
But in spite of whatever the mortal cou'd say,  
The goddesses objected the length of the way!

To give up the op'ra, the park, and the ball,  
For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall;  
To have neither China nor India to see!  
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,  
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;  
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,  
O heav'ns! she shou'd faint, she shou'd die on the road!

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,  
And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,  
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;  
And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet-fingers of Ruckholt  
Where the citizen-matron seduces her cuckold;  
But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall,  
And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.

To be sure she cou'd breathe no where else than in town;  
Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown:  
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,  
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.



## SLENDER'S GHOST.

*(Vide SHAKESPEAR.)*

**B**ENEATH a church-yard yew,  
Decay'd and worn with age,  
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd  
Poor SLENDER's ghost, that whim'ring cry'd,  
O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE !

Ye gentle bards ! give ear !  
Who talk of am'rous rage,  
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,  
Come learn of me to weep your woes :  
O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE !

Why shou'd such labour'd strains  
Your formal Muse engage ?  
I never dreamt of flame or dart,  
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,  
But sigh'd, O sweet ANNE PAGE !

And you ! whose love-sick minds,  
No med'cine can assuage !  
Accuse the leech's art no more,  
But learn of SLENDER to deplore ;  
O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE !

And ye ! whose souls are held,  
Like linnets in a cage !  
Who talk of fetters, links and chains,  
Attend, and imitate my strains !  
O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE !

And you who boast or grieve,

What horrid wars ye wage!

Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;

Yet mean as I do, when I fight

O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE!

Hence ev'ry fond conceit

Of shepherd or of sage;

'Tis SLENDER's voice, 'tis SLENDER's way

Expresses all you have to say,

O sweet O sweet ANNE PAGE!

THE INVIDIOUS. MART.

O FORTUNE! if my pray'r of old

Was ne'er solicitous for gold,

With better grace thou may'st allow

My suppliant wish, that asks it now.

Yet think not, goddess! I require it  
 For the same end your clowns desire it.  
 In a well-made effectual string,  
 Fain would I see LIVIDIO swing!  
 Hear him, from Tyburn's height arranging,  
 But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.  
 Give me, O goddess! store of pelf,  
 And he will tye the knot himself.

### THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

*Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,  
 Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.*

MART.

"If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,  
 "Believe me, thou no master need'st to have."

I ASK'D a friend, amidst the throng,  
 Whose coach it was that trail'd along:  
 "The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?  
 That, with the footmen stuck behind."

O Sir! says he, what! han't you seen it?

'Tis DAMON's coach, and DAMON in it.

'Tis odd methinks you have forgot

Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!

Your old acquaintance DAMON!—" True;

But faith his equipage is new."

" Bless me, said I, where can it end?

What madness has possess'd my friend?

Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,

Their stomachs doubtless not the smallest!

Can DAMON's revenue maintain

In lace and food, so large a train?

I know his land—each inch o' ground—

'Tis not a mile to walk it round—

If DAMON's whole estate can bear

To keep his lad, and one-horse chair,

I own 'tis past my comprehension."

Yes, Sir, but DAMON has a pension—



Thus does a false ambition rule us,  
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;  
To keep a race of flick'ring knaves,  
He grows himself the worst of slaves.

#### HINT FROM VOITURE.

LET SOL his annual journeys run,  
And when the radiant task is done,  
Confess, thro' all the globe, 'twould pose him,  
To match the charms that CELIA shews him.

And shou'd he boast he once had seen  
As just a form, as bright a mien,  
Yet must it still for ever pose him,  
To match—what CELIA never shews him.

## INSCRIPTION.

To the memory  
Of A. L. Esquire,  
Justice of the peace for this county:  
Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage  
Thro' a trifling ridiculous world,  
Maintaining his proper dignity,  
Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-dispos'd persons,  
And wits of the age,  
That ridicul'd his behaviour,  
Or censur'd his breeding;  
Following the dictates of nature,  
Desiring to ease the afflicted,  
Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,  
Without having for his end

The noise, or report such things generally cause

In the world,

(As he was seen to perform them of none)

But the sole relief and happiness

Of the party in distress;

Himself resting easy,

When he could render that so;

Not griping, or pinching himself,

To hoard up superfluities;

Not coveting to keep in his possession

What gives more disquietude, than pleasure;

But charitably diffusing it

To all around him:

Making the most sorrowful countenance

To smile,

In his presence;

Always bestowing more than he was ask'd,

Always imparting before he was desir'd;

Not proceeding in this manner,

Upon every trivial suggestion,  
 But the most mature, and solemn deliberation;  
 With an incredible presence, and undauntedness  
 Of mind;  
 With an inimitable gravity and œconomy  
 Of face;  
 Bidding loud defiance  
 To politeness and the fashion,  
 Dar'd let a f—t.

## TO A FRIEND.

**H**AVE you ne'er seen, my gentle squire,  
 The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says NED to SAL, "I lead a spade,  
 Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—

Play something—any thing—but play—  
 'Tis but to pass the time away—  
 Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—  
 As tho' she play'd for half her vails—  
 Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—  
 We play for nothing, do us, chicken?  
 That card will do—'blood, never doubt it,  
 It's not worth while to think about it."

SAL thought, and thought, and miss'd her aim,  
 And NED, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis won'drous true,  
 That verse is but a game at loo,  
 While many a bard, that shews so clearly  
 He writes for his amusement merely,  
 Is known to study, fret, and toil;  
 And play for nothing all the while:  
 Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore  
 Ne'er signify'd a farthing more:  
 'Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,  
 He sees your flying pen obtain it.



Thro' fragrant-scenes the trifler roves,  
And hallow'd haunts that PHÆBUS loves :  
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,  
And mystic flames the God bestows.  
You now none other flame require,  
Than a good blazing parlour fire ;  
Write verses—to defy the scorers,  
In sh-t-houses and chimney-corners.

SAL found her deep-laid schemes were vain—  
The cards are cut—come deal again—  
No good comes on it when one lingers—  
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—  
Fortune could never let NED loo her,  
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, still the same—  
For SAL has lost another game.

“ I've done ; (she mutter'd) I was saying,  
It did not argufy my playing.  
Some folks will win, they cannot chuse,  
But think or not think—some must lose.

I may have won a game or so—  
But then it was an age ago—  
It ne'er will be my lot again—  
I won it of a baby then—  
Give me an ace of trumps and see,  
Our NED will beat me with a three.  
'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—  
He'll suffer for it, when he's marry'd."

Thus SAL, with tears in either eye ;  
While victor NED fate titt'ring by.

Thus I, long envying your success,  
And bent to write, and study less,  
Sate down, and scribbled in a trice,  
Just what you see—and you despise.

You, who can frame a tuneeful song,  
And hum it as you ride along ;

And, trotting on the king's highway,  
 Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;  
 Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,  
 From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair!  
 Which many wish, and few must wear?  
 Which some men's indolence can gain,  
 And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?  
 For what must SAL or poet sue,  
 Ere they engage with NED or you?  
 For luck in verse, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,  
 And NED, thro' skill, secures the game.

## THE POET AND THE DUN. 1741.

These are messengers  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

SHAKESPEAR.

COMES a dun in the morning and raps at my door—  
“I made bold to call—’tis a twelvemonth and more—  
I’m sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—  
But JOB wou’d be paid, Sir, had JOB been a mercer.”  
My friend, have but patience—“Ay these are your ways.”  
I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—  
But, Sir—prithee take it, and tell your attorney,  
If I han’t paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,  
And calmly consider—consider? vexation!  
What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks,  
And counterfeit joys in the pangs of the p—!

What beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd, and now beaten  
Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!

What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!

Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard!

Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,

Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;

Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf;

And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.

One's credit, however, of course will grow better;

Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

“ Dear Sir! I receiv'd your obliging epistle,

Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.

I read over with wonder the poem you sent me;

And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent me.

The audience, believe me, cry'd out ev'ry line

Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine;

All pregnant as gold is, with worth, weight and beauty,

And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.

I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted:

Sir RICHARD, for much a less genius, was knighted.



Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye ;  
I cou'd say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye."  
Quite fir'd with the flatt'ry, I call for my paper,  
And waste that, and health, and my time, and my taper,  
I scribble 'till morn, when with wrath no small store,  
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door,  
" Ah ! friend, 'tis but idle to make such a pother,  
Fate, fate has ordain'd us, to plague one another."

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

**T**O thee, fair freedom ! I retire

From flattery, cards, and dice, and din ;

Nor art thou found in mansions higher

Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign;  
And every health which I begin,  
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;  
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!  
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!  
Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my fordid ore,  
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;  
It buys, what courts have not in store;  
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome, at an inn.

## A SIMILE.

WHAT village but has sometimes seen  
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,  
Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,  
Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear?  
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,  
Receiv'd the curious form you see;  
Who with her plastic tongue alone,  
Produc'd a visage—like her own—  
And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,  
The pow'rful force of education.\*—  
Perhaps yon croud of swains is viewing  
E'en now the strange exploits of Bruin;

\* Of a fond matron's education.

Who plays his antics, roars aloud ;  
The wonder of a gaping croud !

So have I known an awkward lad,  
Whose birth has made a parish glad,  
Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,  
And taught by kind mamma at home ;  
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,  
With ways and means—to play the fool.  
In sense the same, in stature higher,  
He shines, ere long, a rural squire,  
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,  
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares :  
His tenants of superior sense  
Carouse, and laugh, at his expence ;  
And deem the pastime I'm relating,  
To be as pleasant as bear-baiting.

## THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

“SIR, will you please to walk before?”

—No, pray Sir—you are next the door.

—“Upon mine honor, I’ll not stir—”

Sir, I’m at home, confider, Sir—

“Excuse me, Sir, I’ll not go first.”

Well, if I must be rude, I must—

But yet I wish I cou’d evade it—

’Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—

Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!

Nor scruple each, what each admires:

Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;

It flies, while you display your breeding;

Such breeding as one’s granam preaches,

Or some old dancing-master teaches.



O for some rude tumultuous fellow,  
Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,  
To come behind you unawares,  
And fairly push you both down stairs!  
But death's at hand—let me advise ye,  
Go forward, friends, or he'll surprize ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!  
Do ye not flatter, lye, forswear,  
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,  
And all for this—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove,  
That tho' we drink, or game, or love,  
As that or this is most in fashion,  
Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees,  
And pay the beadle's endless fees,  
What moves that scientific body,  
But the first cutting at a gawdy?  
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,  
That starve and languish as physicians,

Content to trudge the streets, and stare at  
The fat apothecary's chariot ?  
But that, in CHARLOT'S chamber (see  
MOLIERE'S *Medicin malgre lui*)  
The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,  
Still walks before the apothecary.

FLAVIA in vain has wit and charms,  
And all that shines, and all that warms ;  
In vain all human race adore her,  
For—lady MARY ranks before her.

O CELIA, gentle CELIA ! tell us,  
You who are neither vain, nor jealous !  
The softest breast, the mildest mien !  
Wou'd you not feel some little spleen,  
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,  
If FLORIMEL, your equal now,  
Shou'd, one day, gain precedence of ye ?  
First serv'd—tho' in a dish of coffee ?  
Plac'd first, altho' where you are found,  
You gain the eyes of all around ?

Nam'd first, tho' not with half the fame,  
That waits my charming CELIA's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire  
Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!

Barely, where'er you go, to prove  
The source of universal love!—

Yet be content, observing this,  
Honor's the offspring of caprice:

And worth, howe'er you have pursu'd it,  
Has now no pow'r—but to exclude it;

You'll find your general reputation  
A kind of supplemental station.

Poor SWIFT, with all his worth, cou'd ne'er,

He tells us, hope to rise a peer;

So, to supply it, wrote for fame:

And well the wit secur'd his aim.

A common patriot has a drift,

Not quite so innocent as SWIFT:

In BRITAIN's cause he rants, he labours;

“He's honest, faith”—Have patience, neighbours,

For patriots may sometimes deceive,  
May beg their friends' reluctant leave,  
To serve them in a higher sphere;  
And drop their virtue, to get there.—

As LUCIAN tells us, in his fashion,  
How souls put off each earthly passion,  
Ere on ELYSIUM's flow'ry strand,  
Old CHARON suffer'd 'em to land;  
So ere we meet a court's caresses,  
No doubt our souls must change their dresses:  
And souls there be, who, bound that way,  
Attire themselves ten times a day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,  
And fairs alike and sinners love it;  
If place, for which our courtiers throng  
So thick, that few can get along;  
For which such servile toils are seen,  
Who's happier than a king?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,  
'Tis properly a female passion:

Women, and beaux, beyond all measure  
Are charm'd with rank's extatic pleasure.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,  
You'd hint a beau were not a man :  
Say, women then are fond of places ;  
I wave all disputable cases.  
A man perhaps would something linger,  
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger ;  
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,  
He might delib'rate once or twice on't ;  
Perhaps ask GATAKER's advice on't.  
And many, as their frame grows old,  
Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women wish precedence ever ;  
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour ;  
It fires their youth with jealous rage,  
And strongly animates their age.  
Perhaps they would not sell outright  
Or maim a limb—that was in fight ;



Yet on worse terms they sometimes chuse it ;  
Nor ev'n in punishments, refuse it.

Pre-eminence in pain ! you cry,  
All fierce and pregnant with reply.  
But lend your patience, and your ear,  
An argument shall make it clear.  
But hold, an argument may fail,  
Beside my title says, a tale.

Where AVON rolls her winding stream,  
AVON, the muses' fav'rite theme !  
AVON, that fills the farmers' purses,  
And decks with flow'rs both farms, and verses,  
She visits many a fertile vale—  
Such was the scene of this my tale.  
For 'tis in EV'SHAM'S vale, or near it,  
That folks with laughter tell, and hear it.

The soil with annual plenty blest  
Was by young CORYDON possesst.  
His youth alone I lay before ye,  
As most material to my story :

For strength and vigour too, he had 'em,  
And 'twere not much amiss, to add 'em.

Thrice happy lout ! whose wide domain  
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,  
In russet robes of clover deep,  
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep ;  
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,  
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,  
Might well with bright allusion store me ;  
—But happier bards have been before me !

Amongst the various year's increase,  
The stripling own'd a field of pease ;  
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,  
Were haunted by some female neighbours.  
Each morn discover'd to his sight  
The shameful havoc of the night ;  
Traces of this they left behind 'em,  
But no instructions where to find 'em.  
The devil's works are plain and evil,  
But few or none have seen the devil.

Old NOLL, indeed, if we may credit  
The words of ECHARD, who has said it,  
Contriv'd with SATAN how to fool us ;  
And bargain'd face to face to rule us ;  
But then old NOLL was one in ten,  
And fought him more than other men.  
Our shepherd too, with like attention,  
May meet the female fiends we mention.  
He rose one morn at break of day,  
And near the field in ambush lay :  
When lo ! a brace of girls appears,  
The third, a matron much in years.  
Smiling, amidst the pease, the sinners  
Sate down to cull their future dinners ;  
And, caring little who might own 'em,  
Made free as tho' themselves had sown 'em.

'Tis worth a sage's observation  
How love can make a jest of passion.

Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,  
His early dues to love unpaid !  
And love, a god that keeps a pothor,  
And will be paid one time or other,  
Now banish'd anger out o' door ;  
And claim'd the debt withheld before,  
If anger bid our youth revile,  
Love form'd his features to a smile :  
And knowing well, 'twas all grimace,  
To threaten with a smiling face,  
He in few words express'd his mind—  
And, none would deem them much unkind.

The am'rous youth, for their offence,  
Demanded instant recompence :  
That recompence from each, which shame  
Forbids a bashful muse to name.  
Yet, more this sentence to discover,  
'Tis what BETT \* \* grants her lover,  
When he, to make the strumpet willing,  
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood awhile, as 'twere suspended,  
And loth to do, what—each intended:

At length with soft pathetic sighs,  
The matron, bent with age, replies:

'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,  
And our ill stars will have it so—  
But let my tears your wrath assuage,  
And shew some deference for age!  
I from a distant village came,  
Am old, G— knows, and something lame;  
And if we yield, as yield we must,  
Dispatch my crazy body first.

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,  
When circled round on IDA's plain,  
With goddesses, he stood suspended,  
And PALLAS's grave speech was ended,  
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty;  
But paid the compliment to beauty.



O D. E

TO BE PERFORMED BY DR. BRETTLÉ, AND A  
CHORUS OF HALES-OWEN CITIZENS.

THE INSTRUMENTAL PART, A VIOL D'AMOUR.

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

**A**WAKE! I say, awake good people!

And be for once alive and gay ;

Come let's be merry ; stir the tipples ;

How can you sleep,

Whilst I do play ? How can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O pardon, great musician !

On drowsy souls some pity take !

For wond'rous hard is our condition,

To drink thy beer,  
Thy strains to hear ;  
To drink,  
To hear,

And keep awake !

SOLO BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by HANDEL,  
A wight of skill, and judgment deep !  
Zoonsters, they're gone—SAL, bring a candle—  
No, here is one, and he's asleep.

DUETTE.

DR.—How cou'd they go *Soft music.*  
Whilst I do play ?

SAL.—How cou'd they go ? *Warlike music.*  
How shou'd they stay ?

## EPILOGUE

## TO THE TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.

WELL, ladies—so much for the tragic stile—  
And now the custom is to make you smile.  
To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—  
Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?  
The captain gone three years!—and then to blame  
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!  
My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,  
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?  
Out of my house!—this night, forsooth, depart!  
A modern wife had said—"With all my heart—  
But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!  
Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—  
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—  
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."

Such is the language of each modish fair ;  
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare  
The time has been when modesty and truth  
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth :  
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces, }  
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places, }  
Nor took the airs of amazons for graces : }  
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,  
And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad ;  
They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,  
But with the joys of wedlock mixt the cares.  
Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,  
For marriage triumph'd in those golden days :  
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd ;  
By faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.

'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days agen,  
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men ;  
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,  
And give the soul, as well as sense, delight ;

Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,  
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.  
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,  
The marriage chain with transport shall be worn ;  
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride  
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide ;  
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,  
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

MORAL PIECES.





MORAL PIECES.

MOHAWP PIECES

THE  
JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

W HILE blooming spring descends from genial skies,  
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;  
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow,  
The sweets of HAGLEY, or the pride of STOWE;  
Will LYTTELTON the rural landscape range,  
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?  
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,  
And learn a moral from the rising greens?  
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,  
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r;  
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,  
Invites, from grateful hands, their gen'rous aid:

Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,  
The lively lustre of these scenes declines!

'Tis thus, the spring of youth, the morn of life,  
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife.

Then passion riots, reason then contends;

And, on the conquest, ev'ry bliss depends:

Life, from the nice decision, takes its hue:

And blest those judges who decide like you!

On worth like theirs shall ev'ry bliss attend:

The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are, who blind to thought's fatiguing ray,

As fortune gives examples urge their way:

Nor virtue's foes, though they her paths decline,

And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join,

In her's, or vice's casual road advance

Thoughtless, the sinners or the faints of chance!

Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice;

With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,

When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,

Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;



While passion's lawless tides, at their command,  
Glide thro' more useful tracts, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,  
By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,  
In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs;  
Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with flow'rs,  
The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:  
The fittest to adorn each art she brings:  
Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires:  
Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry muse inspires:  
Blest in the tuneful art, the social flame;  
In all that wins, in all that merits fame!

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,  
When great ALCIDES to a grove retir'd.  
Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,  
Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd;  
Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys;  
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.  
Dubious he stray'd, with wav'ring thoughts possess'd,  
Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;

The various arts which human cares divide,  
In deep attention all his mind employ'd :  
Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd ;  
Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.  
The silvan choir whose numbers sweetly flow'd,  
The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd ;  
The silver flood that in meanders led  
His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead ;  
The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,  
Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind,  
In vain ! while distant, on a summit rais'd,  
Th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd :

While thus he trac'd thro' fancy's puzzling maze  
The sep'rate sweets of pleasure, and of praise ;  
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,  
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.  
At once, before his wond'ring eyes were seen  
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.  
Variqus their charms ; and in their dress and face,  
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.

This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,  
 The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.  
 Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,  
 Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty.  
 Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,  
 Severely sweet, and innocently gay.  
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,  
 In artless folds of virgin white array'd!  
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,  
 Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn,  
 Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,  
 Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles.  
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;  
 She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;  
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,  
 Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine.  
 One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore,  
 And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore,  
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,  
 And match'd the awful honours of her face.

The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant ground,  
Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.  
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;  
She pleas'd, while distant, but, when near, she charm'd.  
So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam  
That glitt'ring quivers o'er a distant stream:  
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,  
And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd;  
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.  
A flutt'ring robe her pamp'ring shape conceal'd,  
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd.  
Its form, contriv'd her faulty size to grace;  
Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face,  
Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliants glar'd;  
Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd;  
The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,  
And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes;  
Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd;  
And, round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd.

Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles;  
Yet ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.  
Oft-gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair  
Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care:  
Her thoughts, to others' charms malignly blind,  
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd;  
And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,  
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.  
Much like her guardian, fair CYTHERA'S queen;  
When for her warrior she refines her mien;  
Or when, to bless her DELIAN fav'rite's arms,  
The radiant fair invigorates her charms.  
Much like her pupil, EGYPT'S sportive dame,  
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,  
When her gay bark o'er silver CYDNO'S roll'd,  
And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.  
Such shone the vision: nor forbore to move  
The fond contagious airs of lawless love.  
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,  
And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd:



Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,  
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain ;  
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd the swain. }  
So glaring draughts, with taudry lustre bright,  
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight :  
More slowly charms a RAPHAEL's chaster air,  
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrap'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd  
The various charms of each attractive maid :  
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,  
And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.  
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,  
When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

“ Hither, dear boy, direct thy wand'ring eyes ;  
'Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.  
Debate no more, to me thy life resign ;  
Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine.  
For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,  
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r ;

To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains ;  
 To please my eye, with lilies' paints the plains ;  
 To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows ;  
 To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose ;  
 Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,  
 And swells the vegetable world, for me,

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,  
 Where bleed the many to enrich the few :  
 Where chance from courage claims the boasted prize ;  
 Where, tho' she give, your country oft denies.  
 Industrious thou shalt CUPID'S wars maintain,  
 And ever gently fight his soft campaign.  
 His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,  
 Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure.  
 Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,  
 And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes.  
 Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,  
 A brighter lily on their necks appear ;  
 Where fondly thou thy favor'd head shalt rest,  
 Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest !

While PHILOMELE in each soft voice complains,  
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains :  
Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours flow ;  
And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow.  
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,  
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.  
At sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim ;  
In vain ! for pleasure is my real name ;  
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'er-grown ;  
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own :  
For well each op'ning scene, that claims my care,  
Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.  
Let others prune the vine ; the genial bowl  
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.  
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,  
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.  
Indulgent BACCHUS loads his lab'ring tree,  
And, guarding, gives its clust'ring sweets to me,  
For my lov'd train, APOLLO's piercing beam  
Darts thro' the passive glebe, and frames the gem.

See in my cause consenting gods employ'd;  
Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd!  
For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;  
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;  
Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay;  
Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey;  
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;  
Art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field;  
Of CORINTH's order shall the structure rise;  
The spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies;  
Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays;  
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;  
Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,  
Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and sweetly-sounding lyres  
Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;  
Or, in th' Ionian dance, some fav'rite maid  
Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;  
Think, can'st thou quit a glowing DELIA's arms,  
To feed on virtue's visionary charms;

Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,  
For the faint honor of a frozen sage?  
To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,  
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,  
And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.  
She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,  
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;  
In whose endearments years like moments flew;  
For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;  
She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,  
And tread with her the flow'ry tracts of time;  
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow  
On some cold lover, or insulting foe.  
Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,  
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell;  
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!  
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!

See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,  
Where breathing jafmin screens the sleeping maid:



And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,  
Ambition seeks more humble joys than love !  
There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,  
Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain :  
Or none, but what with equal sweets invite ;  
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight :  
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,  
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring ;  
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien ;  
To shew where best the clustering gems are seen ;  
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,  
And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love !  
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful muse ;  
Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse.  
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,  
Soft scenes of leisure ! suit th' harmonious maids ;  
And all the wise, and all the grave decree  
Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,  
And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,

Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,  
And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse:  
To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,  
Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;  
The plant, which nature, less diffusely kind,  
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd;  
The shell she scatters with more careless air,  
And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair;  
The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,  
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,  
Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms;  
Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,  
Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.  
The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,  
And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,  
For thy repose, inform, with rival joy,  
Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.  
Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,  
'Till lost in bliss thou breathe thy soul away;

'Till she t' Elyfian bow'rs of joy repair,  
Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd ; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,  
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind :  
One tender hand her drooping head sustains ;  
One points, expressive, to the flow'ry plains.  
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll  
Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul :  
As when FAVONIUS joins the solar blaze,  
And each fair fabric of the frost decays.  
Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd  
Resolves too partial to the specious maid.  
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame ;  
Yet fighting, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame,  
And, oft as virtue caught his wand'ring eye,  
A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.  
'Twas such the ling'ring TROJAN's shame betray'd,  
When MAIA's son the frown of JOVE display'd :  
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,  
For the soft reign of DINO, and of love.

Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires ;  
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires !

Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,  
And virtue, zealous fair ! those doubts improv'd.

“ Fly, fly, fond youth, the too-indulgent maid,  
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.

Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,  
And the dry turf disclose a fainter green ;

Tho' no gay rose, or flow'ry product shine,  
The barren surface still conceals the mine.

Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows  
In virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—

Yet shou'd those boasted, specious toys allure,  
Whence cou'd fond sloth the flatt'ring gifts procure ?

The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,  
'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.

I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store ;  
I thro' each region latent gems explore ;

'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,  
By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd ;

'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show  
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.  
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree  
Without the firm supports of industry.

But grant we sloth the scene herself has drawn,  
The mossy grotto, and the flow'ry lawn;  
Let PHILOMELA tune th' harmonious gale,  
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;  
Let gay POMONA slight the plains around,  
And chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;  
To bless the fertile vale shou'd virtue cease,  
Nor mossy grotts, nor flow'ry lawns cou'd please;  
Nor gay POMONA's luscious gifts avail,  
The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale:

See'st thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,  
Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?  
Those fields, whence PHŒBUS all their moisture drains,  
And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?  
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,  
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.



The form thou view'st, to ev'ry scene with ease  
Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.  
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,  
And the lone wand'rer with my presence cheer'd;  
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,  
And call'd that desert blissful solitude!

Nor I alone to such extend my care:  
Fair-blooming health surveys her altars there.  
Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,  
And with reflected lustre gild the plains.  
With her, in flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride,  
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.  
One ready off'ring suits each neighb'ring shrine;  
And all obey their laws, who practise mine.

But health averse from sloth's smooth region flies;  
And, in her absence, pleasure droops and dies.  
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose,  
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.  
A galaxy of pow'rs! whose forms appear  
For ever-beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor will soft sleep to sloth's request incline,  
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.

Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,  
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain !  
Where she relentless reigns without controul,  
And checks each gay excursion of the soul :  
Unmov'd, tho' beauty, deck'd in all its charms,  
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms :  
'Till joyless indolence suggests desires ;  
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires ;  
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,  
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay.  
As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,  
Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the sands.

But let fair health her cheering smiles impart,  
How sweet is nature, how superfluous art !  
'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,  
And smoothes the flinty couch which fortune lends,  
And when my hero from his toils retires,  
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,

And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,  
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.

His fairest prospect rising trophies frame;

His sweetest music is the voice of fame:

Pleasures to sloth unknown! she never found

How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

See fame's gay structure from yon summit charms,  
And fires the manly breast to arts or arms:

Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise

From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire;  
The smiling offspring of a rigid fire!

To fix the friend, your service must be shewn;

All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.

That wond'ring GREECE your portrait may admire,

That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,

That books may praise, or coins record your name,

Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!

And the same column which displays to view

The conqu'ror's name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas slow experience, tedious mistress! taught  
All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought,  
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,  
In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.  
Not the vain visions of inactive schools,  
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,  
E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends  
T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.  
On active worth the laurel war bestows:  
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows:  
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies:  
Nor heav'n, its show'rs without a sacrifice.

See far below such grov'ling scenes of shame,  
As lull to rest IGNAVIA's slumb'ring dame.  
Her friends, from all the toils of fame secure,  
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.  
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage,  
A youth enervate, and a painful age;  
A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies;  
And, if she linger, impotently wise!

A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,  
Invite old age, and revel youth away ;  
From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,  
And idly place it where they least can bear.

When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,  
What kind reflection shall the mind supply ?

When, with lost health, what shou'd the loss allay,  
Peace, peace is lost : a comfortless decay !

But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,  
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,  
Thro' death's dark vista flowery tracks are seen,  
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.

If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,  
Their's is the present who can praise the past.

Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,  
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,  
How calm they glide into the port of age !  
Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd ;  
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd.



For health on age, 'tis temp'rance must bestow ;  
And peace from piety alone can flow ;  
And all the incense bounteous Jove requires,  
Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.—

Sloth views the tow'rs of fame with envious eyes ;  
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.  
Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,  
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,  
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,  
Some silvan music, or some scented breeze :  
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,  
And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.  
Thus some fond insect's fault'ring pinions wave,  
Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave :  
And thus in vain these charming visions please  
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease ;  
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,  
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

But shun her snares : nor let the world exclaim,  
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.

With early hope thine infant actions fir'd ;  
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.  
Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,  
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.  
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,  
To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage ;  
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,  
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound :  
'Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,  
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feasts thy name shall GRECIANS join ;  
Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine.  
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire ;  
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.  
Dulness perhaps, thro' want of sight, may blame,  
And spleen, with odious industry, defame ;  
And that, the honours giv'n, with wonder view,  
And this, in secret sadness own them due :  
Contempt and envy were by fate design'd  
The rival tyrants which divide mankind ;

Contempt, which none, but who deserve, can bear;  
While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.  
For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,  
Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require,  
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I shew,  
Lov'd by the good, their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies!  
My guide! my queen! th' extatic youth replies.  
In thee I trace a form design'd for sway;  
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.  
And by thy bright immortal friends I swear,  
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.  
Lead me! O lead me where whole hosts of foes,  
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose!  
Welcome all toils th' inequal fates decree,  
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.  
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,  
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:

To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,  
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!  
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,  
And none, but envy, riot unsubdu'd.  
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,  
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!  
And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,  
Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools:  
Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend;  
For HE is thine, who proves his country's friend.  
Thus when my life well-spent the good enjoy,  
And the mean envious labour to destroy;  
When, strongly lur'd by fame's contiguous shrine,  
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;  
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,  
O lead thy fav'rite thro' the gates of fame!

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,  
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.  
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,  
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:

Convinc'd, her spurious charms of dress and face  
Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.  
Fantastic pow'r! whose transient charms allur'd,  
While error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd :  
Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen,  
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.  
Her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own,  
'Twas all her wish, her int'rest to be known :  
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,  
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendor crown'd,  
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround.  
But let the source of light its beams display,  
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,  
And all the sick'ning splendor fades away.



## THE PROGRESS OF TASTE;

OR,

## THE FATE OF DELICACY.

A POEM ON THE TEMPER AND STUDIES OF THE  
AUTHOR; AND HOW GREAT A MISFOR-  
TUNE IT IS, FOR A MAN OF SMALL  
ESTATE TO HAVE MUCH TASTE.

## PART THE FIRST.

PERHAPS some cloud eclips'd the day,  
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.  
"The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—  
On life's extended ocean sail:  
For happiness our course we bend,  
Our ardent cry, our general end!

Yet ah! the scenes which tempt our care  
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,  
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes;  
And weakest his, who best descries!

Yet let me not my birth-right barter,  
(For wishing is the poet's charter;  
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,  
Tho' few e'er found their wishes granted;  
Extensive field! where poets pride them  
In fingering all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye pow'rs! I pray;  
That plain warm suit for ev'ry day!  
And pleasure, and brocade, bestow;  
To flaunt it—once a month, or so.  
The first for constant wear we want;  
The first, ye pow'rs! for ever grant!  
But constant wear the last bespatters,  
And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,  
Let me secure one faithful friend.

Let me, in public scenes, request  
A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd :  
And, if I must not hope such favor,  
A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas ! that wisdom ever shuns  
To congregate her scatter'd sons ;  
Whose nervous forces well combin'd,  
Would win the field, and sway mankind.  
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,  
To fix his follies full in sight ;  
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,  
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux ;  
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,  
Flock at the sight, caress, and own him ;  
But ill-star'd sense, nor gay nor loud,  
Steals soft on tip-toe, thro' the crowd :  
Conveys his meagre form between ;  
And slides like pervious air, unseen :  
Contracts his known tenuity,  
As though 'twere ev'n a crime, to be :

Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,  
And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,  
You scarce are conscious he is there :  
'Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,  
Occurs his face's thin profile.  
Still seeming, from the gazer's eye,  
Like VENUS, newly bath'd, to fly.  
Yet while reluctant he displays  
His real gems before the blaze,  
The fool hath, in its center, plac'd  
His tawdry stock of painted paste.  
Diffus'd to speak, he tries his skill ;  
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill ;  
His pensive manner, dulness deem'd ;  
His modesty, reserve esteem'd ;  
His wit unknown, his learning vain,  
He wins not one of all the train.  
And those who, mutually known,  
In friendship's fairest list had shone,

Less prone, than pebbles, to unite,  
Retire to shades from public fight ;  
Grow savage, quit their social nature ;  
And starve, to study mutual satire.

But friends, and fav'rites, to chagrin them,  
Find counties, countries, seas between them :  
Meet once a year, then part, and then  
Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide  
Some human form to grace my side ;  
At hand, where'er I shape my course ;  
An useful, pliant, stalking-horse !

No gesture free from some grimace ;  
No seam, without its share of lace ;  
But, mark'd with gold or silver either,  
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.  
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,  
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.  
What tho' VANDYCK had other rules,  
What had VANDYCK to do with fools ?



Be nothing wanting, but his mind ;  
Before, a solitaire ; behind,  
A twisted ribbon, like the track  
Which nature gives an afs's back.  
Silent as midnight ! pity 'twere  
His wisdom's slender wealth to share !  
And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray,  
To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting ev'ry eye,  
I stroll all unregarded by :  
This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,  
As an umbrella sun or wind ;  
Or, like a sponge, absorbs the fallies,  
And pestilential fumes of malice ;  
Or like a splendid shield is fit  
To screen the templar's random wit ;  
Or what some gentler cit lets fall,  
As wool-packs quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,  
And apter still the stalking-horse !

O let me wander all unseen,  
Beneath the sanction of his mien !  
As lilies soft, as roses fair !  
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air !  
With steady eye and pace remark  
The speckled flock that haunts the park \* ;  
Level my pen with wond'rous heed  
At follies, flocking there to feed :  
And, as my satire bursts amain,  
See feather'd fopp'ry strew the plains :

But when I seek my rural grove,  
And share the peaceful haunts I love,  
Let none of this unhallow'd train  
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.  
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend  
To these soft-winding vales descend ;  
And love with me inglorious things,  
And scorn with me the pomp of kings :

\* St. JAMES'S.

And check me, when my bosom burns  
For statues, paintings, coins and urns.  
For I in DAMON's pray'r cou'd join,  
And DAMON's wish might now be mine—  
But all dispers'd! the wish, the pray'r,  
Are driv'n to mix with common air.

## PART THE SECOND.

How happy once was DAMON's lot,  
While yet romantic schemes were not!  
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes,  
To plan frail castles in the skies;  
Forfaking pleasures cheap and common,  
To court a blaze, still flitting from one.

Ah happy DAMON! thrice and more,  
Had taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore:

Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd  
The couples jingled at his side;

And DAMON swore he would not barter  
The sportsman's girdle, for a garter!

Whoever came to kill an hour,  
Found easy DAMON in their pow'r;  
Pure social nature all his guide,  
"DAMON had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares  
Which knav'ry plans, and craft prepares;  
But rather wealth to crown their wiles,  
And win their universal smiles:  
For who are cheerful, who at ease,  
But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design,  
The new-fall'n calf might countermine:  
Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit;  
"Yes! DAMON had a gen'rous spirit!"

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,  
Was sure, at least, of DAMON's smile:  
That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him sense;  
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:

All own'd, were modesty away,  
DAMON cou'd shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season,  
DAMON ne'er strove to save his reason;  
Obnoxious to the mad uproar:  
A spy upon a hostile shore!  
'Twas this his company endear'd:  
Mirth never came till he appear'd:  
His lodgings—ev'ry draw'r cou'd shew 'em;  
The slave was kick'd, who did not know 'em.

Thus DAMON, studious of his ease,  
And pleasing all, whom mirth cou'd please;  
Defy'd the world, like idle COLLEY,  
To shew a softer word than folly.  
Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known  
To stare the gazer into stone;  
He chose to trust in folly's charm,  
To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave learning's sober train  
Remark'd the trifler with disdain;



The sons of taste contemn'd his ways,  
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze :  
While they to nobler heights aspir'd,  
And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,  
His old companions lost their merit :  
And ev'ry kind well-natur'd sot  
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot ;  
Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees,  
The willing creature strives to please :  
But temper never could amuse ;  
It barely led us to excuse ;  
'Twas true, conversing they aver'd,  
All they had seen, or felt, or heard :  
Talents of weight ! for wights like these,  
The law might chuse for witnesses :  
But sure th' attesting dry narration  
Ill suits a judge of conversation.

\* What were their freedoms ? mere excuses  
To vent ill manners, blows and bruises.

\* Boisterous mirth.

Yet freedom, gallant freedom ! hailing,  
At form, at form, incessant railing,  
Would they examine each offence,  
Its latent cause, its known pretence,  
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,  
So sure as fond prolific freedom.  
Their courage ? but a loaded gun ;  
Machine the wife wou'd wish to shun ;  
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,  
Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,  
Thro' much contempt, and slender pleasure,  
His sense of dignity returns ;  
With native pride his bosom burns ;  
He seeks respect—but how to gain it ?  
Wit, social mirth, cou'd ne'er obtain it :  
And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,  
Discards and dissipates respect.  
The man who gravely bows, enjoys it ;  
But shaking hands, at once, destroys it.

Precarious plant, which, fresh and gay,  
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!

Come then, reserve! yet from thy train  
Banish contempt, and curst disdain.  
Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art  
To act the decent distant part :  
To husband well my complaisance,  
Nor let ev'n wit too far advance ;  
But chuse calm reason for my theme.  
In these her royal realms supreme ;  
And o'er her charms, with caution shewn,  
Be still a graceful umbrage thrown ;  
And each abrupter period crown'd,  
With nods, and winks, and smiles profound,  
'Till rescu'd from the crowd beneath,  
No more with pain to move or breathe,  
I rise with head elate, to share  
Salubrious draughts of purer air.  
Respect is won by grave pretence  
And silence, surer ev'n than sense—

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs  
Of Eastern—and of other kings,  
Or whence this awe to virtue due,  
While virtue's distant as PERU ?  
The sheathless sword the guard displays,  
Which round emits its dazzling rays ;  
The stately fort, the turrets tall,  
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,  
Less screens the body, than controuls,  
And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but check the eye,  
Before it fondly pierce too nigh ;  
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd  
Around the surface of—the void.  
O ! 'tis the statesman's craft profound  
To scatter his amusements round ;  
To tempt us from their conscious breast,  
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.  
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd,  
So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,  
That the frog people might adore,  
With guards to keep them at a distance,  
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's assistance :  
Nay—had addressees from his nation,  
In praise of log-administration.

## PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,  
And fame and finery pleas'd no more ;  
Productive of that gen'ral stare,  
Which cool reflection ill can bear !  
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,  
Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic scenes of pendent hills,  
And verdant vales, and falling rills,  
And mossy banks the fields adorn,  
Where DAMON, simple swain, was born.

The dryads rear'd a shady grove ;  
Where such as think, and such as love,



May safely sigh their summer's day;  
Or muse their silent hours away.

The oreads lik'd the climate well;  
And taught the level plain to swell  
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye  
Might all their larger works descry.

The naiads pour'd their urns around,  
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.  
They form'd their streams to please the view,  
And bade them wind, as serpents do:  
And having shewn them where to stray,  
Threw little pebbles in their way.

These fancy, all-sagacious maid,  
Had at their several tasks survey'd:  
She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead  
Our DAMON's foot o'er hill and mead;  
There, with descriptive finger, trace  
The genuine beauties of the place;  
And when she all its charms had shewn,  
Prescribe improvements of her own.

“ See yonder hill, so green, so round,  
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd !  
'Twould well become thy gentle care  
To raise a dome to VENUS there :  
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey ;  
And VENUS, in their arms, repay.  
'Twas such a shade, and such a nook,  
In such a vale, near such a brook ;  
From such a rocky fragment springing ;  
That fam'd APOLLO chose, to sing in.  
There let an altar wrought with art  
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.  
How charming there to muse and warble  
Beneath his bust of breathing marble !  
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,  
That crown a poet's vast desire.  
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell  
Where music's \* charming maids may dwell ;

\* The muses.

Prone to indulge thy tender passion,  
And make thee many an assignation.  
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat  
Be plac'd MINERVA's sacred seat ;  
There let her awful turrets rise,  
(For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes :)  
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear  
Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear :  
And who would shun the pleasing labour,  
To have MINERVA for his neighbour ?"

In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,  
Its truth was little call'd in question :  
And DAMON dreamt he saw the Fauns,  
And Nymphs, distinctly, skim the lawns ;  
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then  
Lost in the circling shades again.  
With leer oblique their lover viewing—  
And CUPID—panting—and pursuing—  
Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,  
Be thou my goddess ! thou my guide !

For thy bright visions I despise  
What foes may think, or friends advise.  
The feign'd concern, when folks survey  
Expende, time, study cast away ;  
The real spleen, with which they see :  
I please myself, and follow thee.

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd ;  
And thus the fairy landscape charm'd,  
But most he hop'd his constant care  
Might win the favor of the fair ;  
And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade,  
He thus the soft design betray'd.

“ Ye doves ! for whom I rear'd the grove,  
With melting lays salute my love !  
My DELIA with your notes detain,  
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain !  
Ye flow'rs ! which early spring supplies,  
Display at once your brightest dyes !  
That she your op'ning charms may see ;  
Or what were else your charms to me ?

Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,  
And shed its odours round my bow'r,  
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!  
Shall I, in thee, refreshment find.  
Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,  
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,  
May each soft murmur sooth my fair;  
Or oh 'twill deepen my despair!  
Be sure, ye willows! you be seen  
Array'd in liveliest robes of green;  
Or I will tear your slighted boughs,  
And let them fade around my brows.  
And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds  
The melancholy pine surrounds!  
May she admire thy peaceful gloom,  
Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd;  
Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.

"See, neighbours, what our DAMON's doing!  
I think some folks are fond of ruin!



I saw his sheep at random stray—  
But he has thrown his crook away—  
And builds such huts, as, in foul weather,  
Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither.”

Whence came the sober swain misled?  
Why, PHŒBUS put it in his head.  
PHŒBUS befriends him, we are told;  
And PHŒBUS coins bright tuns of gold,  
’Twere prudent not to be so vain on’t,  
I think he’ll never touch a grain on’t,  
And if, from PHŒBUS, and his muse,  
Mere earthly laziness ensues;  
’Tis plain, for aught that I can say,  
The dev’l inspires, as well as they.  
So they—while fools of grosser kind,  
Less weeting what our bard design’d,  
Impute his schemes to real evil;  
That in these haunts he met the devil.  
He own’d, tho’ their advice was vain,  
It suited wights who trod the plain :

For dullness—tho' he might abhor it—

In them, he made allowance for it.

Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottoes,

And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,

Folks, little dreaming of the muses,

Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the muses haunt his cell?

Or in his dome did VENUS dwell?

Did PALLAS in his counsels share?

The Delian god reward his pray'r?

Or did his zeal engage the fair?

When all the structure shone complete;

Not much convenient, wond'rous neat;

Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,

And the fair guests alone were wanting;

Ah me! ('twas DAMON's own confession)

Came poverty and took possession.

## PART THE FOURTH.

WHY droops my DAMON, whilst he roves  
Thro' ornamented meads and groves?  
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,  
Which ev'ry critic eye admires?  
'Tis poverty, detested maid,  
Sole tenant of their ample shade!  
'Tis she, that robs him of his ease;  
And bids their very charms displease.  
But now, by fancy long controul'd,  
And with the sons of taste enroll'd,  
He deem'd it shameful, to commence  
First minister to common-sense:  
Far more elated, to pursue  
The lowest talk of dear vertû.

And now behold his lofty soul,  
That whilom flew from pole to pole,  
Settle on some elaborate flow'r;  
And, like a bee, the sweets devour!

Now, of a rose enamour'd, proven  
 The wild solitudes of love!  
 Now, in a lily's cup enshrin'd,  
 Forego the commerce of mankind!

As in these toils he wore away  
 The calm remainder of his day;  
 Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,  
 As most might glad the new-born flow'r,  
 So fate ordain'd—before his eye—  
 Starts up the long-sought butterfly!  
 While flutt'ring round, her plumes unfold  
 Celestial crimson, dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair!  
 The living beauty claims his care:  
 For this he strips—nor bolt, nor chain,  
 Cou'd DAMON's warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,  
 Where'er the speckled game is found,  
 Tho' bent with age, with zeal pursue;  
 And totter tow'rd's the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor stream, his steps retard,  
Intent upon the blest reward !  
One vassal fly repays the chase !  
A wing, a film, rewards the race !  
Rewards him, tho' disease attend,  
And in a fatal surfeit end.  
So fierce CAMILLA skim'd the plain,  
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain,  
She ey'd intent the glitt'ring stranger,  
And knew, alas ! nor fear, nor danger :  
'Till deep within her panting heart  
Malicious fate impell'd the dart !

How studious he what fav'rite food  
Regales dame nature's tiny brood !  
What junkets fat the filmy people !  
And what liqueurs they chuse to tipple !

Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,  
And raise with drugs the sick'ning tribe !  
Or haply, when their spirits fau'ter,  
Sprinkling my Lord of CLOYNE's tar-water.



When nature's brood of insects dies;  
 See how he pimps for am'rous flies!  
 See him the timely succour lend her,  
 And help the wantons to engender!

Or see him guard their pregnant hour;  
 Exert his soft obstetric power:  
 And, lending each his lenient hand,  
 With new-born grubs enrich the land!

\* O WILKS! what poet's loftiest lays  
 Can match thy labours, and thy praise?  
 Immortal sage! by fate decreed  
 To guard the moth's illustrious breed;  
 'Till flutt'ring swarms on swarms arise,  
 And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys?  
 Admire it then in girls and boys.  
 Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,  
 Relinquish your moths—the season's o'er.

\* Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by BENJAMIN WILKS. See his very expensive proposals.

'Tis time more social joys to prove ;  
'Twere now your nobler task—to love.  
Let \* \* \* \*s eyes more deeply warm ;  
Nor slighting nature's fairest form,  
The bias of your souls determine  
Tow'rds the mean love of nature's vermin.

But ah ! how wond'rous few have known,  
To give each stage of life its own.

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,  
With radiant purple edg'd around,  
To please the child ; whose glowing dyes  
Too long delight maturer eyes :  
And few, but with regret, assume  
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.

Ah ! let not me by fancy steer,  
When life's autumnal clouds appear ;  
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays  
Consume my fairest, fruitless days :  
Like him, who should in armour spend  
The sums that armour should defend.

Awhile, in pleasure's myrtle bow'r,  
We share her smiles, and bless her pow'r:  
But find at last, we vainly strive  
To fix the worst coquette alive.

O you! that with assiduous flame  
Have long pursu'd the faithless dame;  
Forake her soft abodes awhile,  
And dare her frown, and slight her smile.  
Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,  
The foot-path road, the king's highway.  
No more the scrup'lous charmer tease,  
But seek the roofs of honest ease;  
The rival fair, no more pursu'd,  
Shall there with forward pace intrude;  
Shall there her ev'ry art essay,  
To win you to her flighted sway;  
And grant your scorn a glance more fair  
Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.

But would you happiness pursue?  
Partake both ease, and pleasure too?

Would you, thro' all your days, dispense  
The joys of reason, and of sense?  
Or give to life the most you can?  
Let social virtue shape the plan.  
For does not to the virtuous deed  
A train of pleasing sweets succeed?  
Or like the sweets of wild desire,  
Did social pleasures ever tire?

Yet midst the groupe be some prefer'd,  
Be some abhor'd—for DAMON err'd:  
And such there are—of fair address—  
As 'twere unsocial to carefs.  
O learn by reason's equal rule  
To shun the praise of knave, or fool!  
Then, tho' you deem it better still  
To gain some rustic 'squire's good will;  
And souls, however mean or vile,  
Like features, brighten by a smile;  
Yet reason holds it for a crime,  
The trivial breast should share thy time:

And virtue, with reluctant eyes,  
Beholds this human sacrifice !

Thro' deep reserve, and air erect,  
Mistaken DAMON won respect ;  
But cou'd the specious homage pass,  
With any creature, but an ass ?  
If conscious, they who fear'd the skin,  
Wou'd scorn the sluggish brute within.  
What awe-struck slaves the tow'rs enclose,  
Where Persian monarchs eat, and doze !  
What prostrate rev'rence all agree,  
To pay a prince they never see !  
Mere vassals of a royal throne !  
The sopher's virtues must be shewn,  
To make the reverence his own.

As for THALIA—wouldst thou make her  
Thy bride without a portion ? take her.  
She will with duteous care attend,  
And all thy pensive hours befriend ;



Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain ;  
With thee rejoice, with thee complain ;  
Will smooth thy pillow, pleat thy bow'rs,  
And bind thine aching head with flow'rs.  
But be this previous maxim known—  
If thou can'st feed on love alone :  
If, blest with her, thou canst sustain  
Contempt, and poverty, and pain :  
If so—then rifle all her graces—  
And fruitful be your fond embraces !

Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,  
Sage DAMON to his groves retir'd :  
The path disclaim'd by sober reason ;  
Retirement claims a later season ;  
Ere active youth and warm desires  
Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires.  
With the warm bosom, ill agree,  
Or limpid stream, or shady tree.  
Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,  
And claims the speculative hour ;

Ambition finds his calm retreat;  
And bids his pulse too fiercely beat;  
Ev'n social friendship duns his ear,  
And cites him to the public sphere.  
Does he resist their genuine force?  
His temper takes some froward course;  
'Till passion, misdirected, sighs

For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies!

Far happiest he, whose early days  
Spent in the social paths of praise,  
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,  
A train of virtuous deeds behind:  
From this rich fund, the mem'ry draws  
The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid  
To people the sequester'd shade.  
Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fauns,  
That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.  
If where his devious ramble strays,  
He virtue's radiant form surveys;

She seems no longer now to wear  
The rigid mien, the frown severe ; \*  
To shew him her remote abode ;  
To point the rocky arduous road :  
But from each flower, his fields allow,  
She twines a garland for his brow.

\* Alluding to—the allegory in CEBES's tablet.

## ŒCONOMY,

## A RHAPSODY,

## ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POETS.

*Infans ; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis*

*Sunt tibi, Nafones Virgiliosque vides. MART.*

## IMITATION.

—— Thou know'st not what thou say'st,  
In garments that scarce fence them from the cold,  
Our Ovids and our Virgils you behold.

## PART THE FIRST.

To you, ye bards ! whose lavish breast requires  
This monitory lay, the strains belong ;  
Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,  
Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms  
That tempt profusion, sings ; while friendly zeal,  
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,

Inspires the meanest of the muse's train !  
 Like you I loathe the groveling progeny,  
 Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,  
 Advance them high on pow'r's tyrannic throne;  
 To lord it there in gorgeous useflessness,  
 And spurn successful worth that pines below !

See the rich churl, amid the social sons  
 Of wine and wit, regaling ! hark he joins  
 In the free jest delighted ! seems to shew  
 A meliorated heart ! he laughs ! he sings !  
 Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,  
 And drunken anthems, set agape the board.  
 Like \* DEMEA, in the play, benign and mild,  
 And pouring forth benevolence of soul,  
 'Till MICIO wonders : or, in SHAKESPEAR's line,  
 Obstrep'rous SILENCE † ; drowning SHALLOW's voice,  
 And startling FALSTAFF, and his mad compeers.

\* In Terence's Adelphi.

† Justice Silence, in Shakespear's Henry IVth, second part.



He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,  
To smoothe his careful brow; to let his purse  
Ope to a sixpence's diameter;  
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit  
Are ways of pleasure, and deserve regard.  
True, we are dainty good society,  
But what art thou? alas! consider well,  
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.  
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp  
Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from Stygian caves,  
Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we  
Its flamens boast to guard: we know not how,  
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes  
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

True, thou seem'st chang'd; all fainted, all ensky'd;  
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes  
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind;  
But all is false! an intermitting sigh  
Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,  
And deems those only lost, thou dost not lose.

Ev'n for a demi-groat, this open'd soul,  
This boon companion, this elastic breast  
Revibrates quick ; and sends the tuneful tongue  
To lavish music on the rugged walls  
Of some dark dungeon. Hence thou caitiff, fly !  
Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,  
Monster, ingrate ! beneath one common sky  
Why should'st thou breathe ; beneath one common roof  
Thou ne'er shalt harbour ; nor my little boat  
Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.  
Go to thy bags, thou recreant ! hourly go,  
And gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,  
Be conversation. Not a face that smiles  
Admit thy presence ! not a soul that glows  
With social purport, bid or ev'n or morn  
Invest thee happy ! but when life declines,  
May thy sure heirs stand titt'ring round thy bed,  
And ush'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks,  
And fill their laps with gold ; 'till want and care  
With joy depart, and cry, " We ask no more."

Ah never, never may th' harmonious mind  
Endure the worldly ! poets ever void  
Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,  
And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.  
Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye  
The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,  
Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store  
The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks  
The kind propensity ; remarks and smiles,  
And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.  
Him we deride, and in our comic scenes  
Contemn the niggard form *MOLIERE* has drawn.  
We loathe with justice ; but alas the pain  
To bow the knee before this calf of gold ;  
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown !

But 'tis not *GOMEZ*, 'tis not he whose heart  
Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind  
Is senseless as his gold, the slighted muse  
Intensely loathes. 'Tis sure no equal task  
To pardon him, who lavishes his wealth

On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all  
But human merit; who with gold essays  
All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove  
The wants of genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal  
Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame;  
Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay;  
Permit him not, in distant solitudes  
To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours  
Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise,  
That season unadorn'd, the careless bard  
Quits your worn threshold, and like honest GAY  
Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.  
Your favors then, like trophies giv'n the tomb,  
Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,  
Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile  
Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treacherous hopes  
And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—  
Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate  
In endless war, beneath their flags enroll

The vassal world. This avarice is nam'd,  
That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends  
Affign them softer names; usurpers both!  
That share by dint of arms the legal throne  
Of just œconomy; yet both betray'd  
By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief  
Lift'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd  
To join each moment in his rival's train,  
His conduct models by the needful fears  
The slave inspires; while luxury, a chief  
Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule resigns  
His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flatt'ring sounds  
Engross his ear; 'tis plenty's smiling form  
Moves still before his eye. Discretion strives,  
But strives in vain, to banish from the throne  
The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust,  
With latent malice to the hostile camp  
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.  
Ye tow'ring minds! ye sublimated souls!  
Who careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,



Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien  
Than fops take snuff! whose œconomic care  
Your green-silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,  
To see gold sparkle thro' the subtle folds;  
Lovely, as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd  
Amid the verd'rous grove! who fondly hope  
Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!  
Who scatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop  
Glitter'd on ev'ry bough; and ev'ry bough,  
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd  
Were by a splendid successor supply'd  
Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays.  
For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase  
Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease  
The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,  
Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul  
Clenches their coin, and what electral fire  
Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?  
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence  
Of health! of treasure! stimulates the soul:

These, with officious care, and fatal art,  
Improve the vinous flavour ; these the smile  
Of CLOE soften ; these the glare of dress  
Illume ; the glitt'ring chariot gild anew,  
And add strange wisdom to the furs of pow'r.

Alas ! that he, amid the race of men,  
That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,  
Shou'd with unsated appetite demand ;  
And vainly court the pleasure it procures !  
When fancy's vivid spark impels the soul  
To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss  
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose  
Its fatal tension ? in what lonely vale  
Of balmy med'cine's various field, aspires  
The blest refrigerant ? Vain, ah vain the hope  
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroul'd !  
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind  
Requires ; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill  
A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands  
Incessant rapture ; life, a tedious load

Deny'd its continuity of joy.  
But whence obtain ? philosophy requires  
No lavish cost ; to crown its utmost pray'r  
Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,  
The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.  
Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train  
With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires  
Entire profusion ! Days and nights, and hours  
Thy voice, hydropic fancy ! calls aloud  
For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,  
Rivers of rich regalement ! seas of bliss !  
Seas without shore ! infinity of sweets !

And yet, unless sage reason join her hand  
In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure :  
And yet, unless œconomy's consent  
Legitimate expence, some graceless mark,  
Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,  
Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide  
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,  
Amidst the bloom of show. The scanty stream

Slow-loitering in its channel, seems to vie  
With VAGA's depth ; but should the sedgy pow'r  
Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn  
O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams  
Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill !

I not aspire to mark the dubious path  
That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain !  
But ere self-flattery sooth the vivid breast  
With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,  
Reflect how few, who charm'd the list'ning ear  
Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd !  
Consider well, what meagre alms repaid  
The great Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,  
And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,  
And left dull cares below ; what griefs impell'd  
The modest bard of learn'd ELIZA's reign  
To swell with tears his MULLA's parent stream,  
And mourn aloud the pang " to ride, to run,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."  
Why shou'd I tell of COWLEY's pensive muse

Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!  
Which of your boasted race might hope reward  
Like loyal BUTLER, when the lib'ral CHARLES,  
The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page  
Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,  
The poet's parasite; but learn alone  
To spare the scanty boon the fates decree.  
Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!  
'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,  
In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his soul,  
The latent seeds and principles of want  
Has nature wove; and fate confirm'd the clue.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe  
Of penury; with nice precision learn  
A dollar's value. Foremost in the page  
That marks th' expence of each revolving year,  
Place inattention. When the lust of praise,  
Or honor's false idea, tempts thy soul  
To slight frugality, assure thine heart  
That danger's near. This perishable coin



Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,  
It fetters misers, but it must alone  
Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world,  
Bids thee beware ; thy little craft essay ;  
Nor, pidling with a tea-spoon's slender form,  
See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.

OEconomy ! thou good old aunt ! whose mien  
Furrow'd with age and care the wife adore,  
The wits contemn ! reserving still thy stores  
To cheer thy friends at last ! why with the cit,  
Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,  
Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside ?  
And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd  
Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind,  
Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill ?

Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,  
And childish, love to dwell, yet leave the breast  
Of youth unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd ?  
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice  
Were doubly kind ? for sure to youthful eyes,

(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life  
Appears protracted; fair on either side  
The loves, the graces play, on fortune's child  
Profusely smiling; well might youth essay  
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,  
Source of their favor all the live-long day.

But fate assents not. Age alone contracts  
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane.  
Of all his peace, the glitt'ring seeds of care!

O that the muse's voice might pierce the ear  
Of gen'rous youth! for youth deserves her song.  
Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then  
Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage,  
It barely vegetates; nor long the space  
Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display  
Fell winter's total reign. O lovely source  
Of gen'rous foibles, youth! when op'ning minds  
Are honest as the light, lucid as air,  
As fost'ring breezes kind, as linnets gay,  
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!

Yet, hapless state of man! his earliest youth  
Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade  
The social bias. Life's extensive page,  
What does it but unfold repeated proofs  
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,  
Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some,  
And others dead, whose putrid name exhales  
A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems.  
With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the shroud,  
Or honoring the grave, with specious grief  
Of short duration; soon in fortune's beams  
Alert. and wond'ring at the tears they shed.

But who shall save by tame prosaic strain  
That glowing breast, where wit with youth conspires  
To sweeten luxury? The fearful muse  
Shall yet proceed, tho' by the faintest gleam  
Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

## PART THE SECOND.

**I**N some dark season, when the misty show'r  
Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky;  
When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream  
Invites thee forth, to sport thy drooping muse;  
Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign  
To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor coy  
Accepts the tribute of a joyless day:  
She smiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede,  
And not a grace, and not a muse will hear.  
Then, from majestic MARO's awful strain,  
Or tow'ring HOMER, let thine eye descend  
To trace, with patient industry, the page  
Of income and expence. And oh! beware,  
Thy breast, self-flatt'ring, place no courtly smile,  
No golden promise of your faithless muse,  
Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may shew,  
Amid thy solid store. The firen's song  
Wrecks not the list'ning sailer, half so sure.

See by what avenues, what devious paths,  
The foot of want, detested, steals along,  
And bars each fatal pass! Some few short hours  
Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year,  
On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the muse  
To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales  
Thy resolution melt; and ardent vows  
In wary hours prefer'd, or die forgot,  
Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies;  
Then, ere surprize, by whose impetuous rage  
The massy fort with which thy gentler breast  
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminish'd law,  
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts  
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all!  
Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law  
Alone in matter; soul alike with soul  
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,  
In each idea it imbibes, is found



The kind propensity. And when they meet,  
And grow familiar, various tho' their tribe,  
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith :  
That, shou'd the world's disjointed frame once more  
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck  
Their union shou'd survive ; with Roman warmth,  
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,  
Shou'd each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix ; on this perennial base  
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.  
Let soft profusion's fair idea join  
Her hand with poverty ; nor here desist,  
'Till, o'er the groupe that forms their various train  
Thou sing loud hymenéals. Let the pride  
Of outward show in lasting leagues combine  
With shame thread-bare ; the gay vermilion face  
Of rash intemp'rance, be discreetly pair'd  
With fallow hunger ; the licentious joy,  
With mean dependence ; ev'n the dear delight  
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,

Thy breast, sagacious prudence ! shall connect  
With filth and beggary ; nor disdain to link  
With black insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd  
Shall shun the fiend's voice ; nor boldly dare  
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,  
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye sordid race ! ye groveling minds !  
I frame the song for you ! for you, the muse  
Cou'd other rules impart. The friendly strain  
For gentler bosoms plan'd, to yours won'd prove  
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed  
Whatever COLCHOS bore ; and in your breast  
Compassion, love, and friendship all destroy !

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores  
Increase apace, by periodic days  
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,  
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise !  
It much avails, to seize the present hour,  
And, undeliberating, call around  
Thy hungry creditors ; their horrid rage

When once appeas'd, the small remaining store  
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,  
As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.  
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs  
His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks  
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;  
His timely hand thro' better tracks conveys  
The quick-decreasing tide; ere borne along  
Or thro' the wild morafs, or cultur'd field,  
Or bladed grafs mature, or barren sands,  
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!  
But happiest he who sanctifies expence  
By present pay; who subjects not his fame  
To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,  
His honor'd name, to deck the vulgar page  
Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere!  
There haply, while thy muse sublimely soars  
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heav'n's abodes,  
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,  
Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er

The punctual record ; 'till nor PHŒBUS' self,  
Nor sage MINERVA's art can aught avail  
To sooth the ruthless dun's detested rage.  
Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane  
He loads the gentle muse ; then hurls thee down  
To want, remorse, captivity and shame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,  
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—  
Why fondly linger on a hostile shore  
Disarm'd, defenceless ? why require to tread  
The precipice ? or why, alas ! to breathe  
A moment's space, where ev'ry breeze is death ?  
Death to thy future peace ! Away, collect  
Thy dissipated mind ; contract thy train  
Of wild ideas, o'er the flow'ry fields  
Of show diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.  
Œconomy presents her glass, accept  
The faithful mirror ; powerful to disclose  
A thousand forms ; unseen by careless eyes,  
That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe

Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,  
Besets thy sense; extortion follows close  
Her wanton step, and ruin brings the rear.  
These and the rest shall her mysterious glass  
Embody to thy view; like VENUS kind,  
When to her lab'ring son, the vengeful pow'rs  
That urg'd the fall of ILIUM, she display'd.  
He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd  
Th' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise  
The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.  
For here to drain thy swelling purse await  
A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend:  
"The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff-boxes:  
The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,  
With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste  
Its melting stores, and in the dreary void  
Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhaust  
Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,  
Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,  
Nor seen nor seeing, thou may'st vent thy scorn



Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold !  
 There of the farded fop and effenc'd beau,  
 Ferocious with a stoic's frown disclose  
 Thy manly scorn, averſe to tinfel pomp ;  
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy ſoul  
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dreſs,  
 Where dreſs is merit ! where thy graver friend  
 Shall wiſh thee burniſh'd ! where the ſprightly fair  
 Demand embellishment ! ev'n DELIA's eye,  
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone  
 Inquirent, curious ? Fly the curſt domain ;  
 Theſe are the realms of luxury and ſhow,  
 No claſſic ſoil ; away ! the blooming ſpring  
 Attracts thee hence ; the waning autumn warns ;  
 Fly to thy native ſhades, and dread ev'n there,  
 Left buſy fancy tempt thy narrow ſtate  
 Beyond its bounds. Obſerve FLORELIO's mien.  
 Why treads my friend with melancholy ſtep  
 That beauteous lawn ? why penſive ſtrays his eye

O'er statues, grottos, urns by critic art  
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome  
Bright glitt'ring through the grove, returns his eye  
Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love,  
Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes  
Of all their beauty? cent'ring all in her  
His soul adores? or from a blacker cause  
Springs this remorseful gloom? is conscious guilt  
The latent source of more than love's despair?  
It cannot be within that polish'd breast  
Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour there:  
No! 'tis the sad survey of present want,  
And past profusion! Lost to him the sweets  
Of yon pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm  
For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs  
Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange  
Of river, valley, mountain, woods and plains!  
How gladsome once he rang'd your native turf,  
Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere expence  
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught

Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,  
Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.

Oh ! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,  
To fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,  
Nobly superior ! but let caution guide  
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,  
And prudence be our Almoner ! Alas !  
The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime,  
Sworn foe of avarice ! not disdains to learn

Its coin's imputed worth ; the destin'd means  
To smoothe his passage to the favor'd shrine.  
Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world,  
Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,  
Forget the land is merc'nary ; nor waste  
His fare, ere landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult PALLADIO's rules ;  
Let never bard, O BURLINGTON ! survey  
Thy learned art, in CHISWICK's dome display'd :  
Dang'rous incentive ! nor with ling'ring eye  
Survey the window VENICE calls her own.

Better for him, with no ingrateful muse,  
 To sing a requiem to that gentle soul  
 Who plan'd the sky-light ; which to lavish bards  
 Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray :  
 For garrets him, and squalid walls await,  
 Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain,  
 He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

## PART THE THIRD.

**Y**ET once again, and to thy doubtful fate  
 The trembling muse consigns thee. Ere contempt,  
 Or want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,  
 Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold !  
 The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his  
 Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When GULLIVER, now great, now little deem'd,  
 The play-thing of comparison, arriv'd  
 Where learned bosoms their ærial schemes  
 Projected, studious of the public weal ;  
 'Mid these, one subtler artist he descry'd,

Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement  
The spider's web, injurious, to supplant  
Fair ALBION's fleeces! Never, never may  
Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,  
And irritate MINERVA's beggar'd sons  
The MELKSHAM weavers! Here in ev'ry nook  
Their webs they spun; here revell'd uncontroll'd,  
And, like the flags from WESTMINSTER's high roof  
Dependant, here their fluttering textures wav'd.  
Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!  
Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid  
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,  
That comes to all! o'er whose quiescent walls  
ARACHNE's unmolested care has drawn  
Curtains subfusk, and save th' expence of art.

Survey those walls, in sady texture clad,  
Where wand'ring snails in many a slimy path,  
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl;  
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths  
Confus'd inextricable! such the clue



Of Cretan ARIADNE ne'er explain'd!  
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!  
Mean time, thus silver'd with meanders gay,  
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,  
Perchance of tabby, or of harrateen,  
Not ill expressive! such the pow'r of snails.

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm  
An aged cushion hides! replete with dust  
The foliag'd velvet; pleasing to the eye  
Of great ELIZA's reign, but now the snare  
Of weary guest that on the specious bed  
Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!  
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust  
The fraudulent couch! for tho' in velvet cas'd,  
The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.  
The trav'ler thus, that o'er Hibernian plains  
Hath shap'd his way; on beds profuse of flow'rs  
Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye  
Of daisy fair, decrees to bask supine.  
And see! delighted, down he drops, secure

Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,  
Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,  
Much suff'ring pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap,  
Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morals  
In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath  
Thy burden, in the miry gulph enclos'd!  
And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye  
Where 'mid machines of het'rogenous form  
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,  
Eldest of things! and napless, as an heath  
Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.  
Not diff'rent have I seen in dreary vault  
Display'd, a coffin; on each sable side  
The texture unmolested seems entire.  
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away!  
And leaves the wond'ring swain to gape, to stare,  
And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh,  
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,  
Or dire extent of frail mortality.  
This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux,

And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)  
Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains  
Full many a pin wide-sparkling ; for, if e'er  
Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,  
Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,  
He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,  
And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,  
Indenting fix them ; nor, when arm'd with these,  
The cure of rents and separations dire,  
And chafms enormous, did he view dismay'd  
Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate  
To breeches, coat and hose ! had any wight  
Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd ;  
But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint  
Of SILVIA's shoe-string, or of CLOE's fan,  
Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of CELIA's ear.  
Alas ! by frequent use decays the force  
Of mortal art ! the refractory robe  
Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own ;  
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd !

See near his bed (his bed too falsely call'd  
The place of rest, while it a bard sustains;  
Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain  
Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,  
Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand  
Of MULCIBER, the may'r of BIRMINGHAM,  
The engine issu'd; now alas disguis'd  
By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down  
Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays  
With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,  
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk  
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound  
In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree.  
Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,  
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost  
Pervasive, radiant icicles depend!

How shall I sing the various ill that waits  
The careful sonneteer? or who can paint  
The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms  
To patch his paneless window; to cement

His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase?  
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal  
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill  
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen  
Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;  
Will claim his whole invention to repair,  
Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,  
Allow one part to decorate his song.  
While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand  
Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift  
Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,  
Points to the nook, which he his study calls  
Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem  
His chest, a wardrobe; purse, a treasury;  
And shews, to crown her full display, himself.  
One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health,  
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,  
Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,  
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,  
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,



And wish the cobbler's loftiest site his own;  
Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the fates,  
Who to the humbler mechanism, join'd  
Goods so superior, such exalted bliss!

See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace  
He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,  
His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forc'd,  
That care-defying sonnet, which implies  
His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown  
In full possession, uncontested right  
And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight  
Admiring view, if such there be, distrust  
The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief,  
As lurks the serpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.  
Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage  
Thy pen demolish; chuse the trustier flail,  
And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.  
But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight  
Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,  
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,

Prescient of future dignities, salute  
Sheriff, or may'r, in comfortable furs  
Enwrap't, secure: nor yet the laureat's crown  
In thought exclude him! He perchance shall rise  
To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues display'd  
In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove  
Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race;  
Appeas'd by suppliant PHŒBUS, "Bards, he said,  
Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debar'd,  
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay  
Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd.  
Nor at th' invidious favor dar'd repine.

## THE RUINED ABBY;

OR,

## THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair peace with olive crown'd regains  
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts  
Of wood or fount the frightened muse returns.

Happy the bard, who, from his native hills,  
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys  
His azure stream, with penfile woods enclos'd !  
Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend,  
Or faithful fair, thro' bord'ring willows green  
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts,  
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the wat'ry crew  
That ape confusion from the realms they rule !  
Fearless of these ; who shares the gentler voice  
Of peace and music ; birds of sweetest song  
Attune from native boughs their various lay,  
And cheer the forest ; birds of brighter plume

With busy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave,  
And tempt the sun ; ambitious to display  
Their several merit, while the vocal flute,  
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,  
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If solitude his wand'ring steps invite  
To some more deep recess, (for hours there are,  
When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice,  
Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer)  
How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,  
Her solemn courts ! the center of the grove !  
The root-built cave, by far extended rocks  
Around embosom'd, how it sooths the soul !  
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands  
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals  
Of bigot minds, religion dwells not here,  
Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires :  
Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze,  
Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,  
And serious truths of mightier weight than gold !

I ask not wealth ; but let me hoard with care,  
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,  
A few fix'd principles ; in early life,  
Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd.  
Then like old LATIMER, when age impairs  
My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack  
My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,  
Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,  
And this mine answer ; " Thus, 'twas thus I thought,  
" My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire ;  
" Thus will I think, averse to listen more  
" To intricate discussion, prone to stray.  
" Perhaps my reason may but ill defend  
" My settled faith ; my mind, with age impair'd,  
" Too sure its own infirmities declare.  
" But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,  
" And early foresight ; now the winds may rise,  
" The tempest whistle, and the billows roar ;  
" My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,  
" Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns



"Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,

"See the strong vessel fluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes  
Suggest instruction, and instructing please.

And see betwixt the grove's extended arms

An abby's rude remains attract thy view,

Gilt by the mid-day sun : with ling'ring step

Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy

Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast

Too long deliberate) with timorous hand

Remove th' obstructive bough ; nor yet refuse,

Tho' fighting, to destroy that fav'rite pine,

Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime

Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.

Aggriev'd, but constant as the Roman fire,

The rigid MANLIUS, when his conqu'ring son

Bled by a parent's voice ; the cruel meed

Of virtuous ardor, timelessly display'd ;

Nor cease 'till, thro' the gloomy road, the pile

Gleam unobstructed ; thither oft thine eye

Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, soothed  
With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,  
O superstition! hence the dire disease  
(Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest  
Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain  
Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale  
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats  
Of tyrant ROME; but futile all, 'till she,  
ROME's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r,  
And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth, to sanctify the page  
Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,  
The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks,  
And fiends to snatch at the departing soul  
With hellish emulation. If a friend,  
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune  
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?  
The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact;  
To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,  
By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll  
Ere the frail function of the wax was cold.

With thee, \* PLANTAGENET, from civil broils  
The land awhile respir'd, and all was peace.  
Then BECKET rose, and impotent of mind,  
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd  
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave;  
Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown contemn,  
And with unhallow'd crossier bruis'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince  
Of HENRY'S virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,  
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul  
Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,  
And brav'd the fury of revengeful ROME.  
In vain! let one faint malady diffuse  
The pensive gloom which superstition loves,

\* HENRY II.

And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,  
Rein the proud palfrey while the priest ascends!

Was \* COEUR-DE-LION blest with whiter days?  
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries  
Urg'd the crusade; and see, of half his stores  
Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose  
To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race,  
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne:  
While haughty † LONGCHAMP, 'mid his liv'ry'd files  
Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,  
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide  
A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts  
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless JOHN usurp'd the fully'd crown,  
What ample tyranny! the groaning land  
Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n its foe! six tedious years  
Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd

\* RICHARD I. † Bishop of ELY, Lord Chancellor.



The papal interdict; and who obey'd,  
The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!  
When the French tyrant by the futile grant  
Of papal rescript, claim'd BRITANNIA's throne,  
And durst invade; he such inglorious days  
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard  
ROME's loud anathema, but heartless, dead  
To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live,  
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind  
Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand  
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.  
Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he sees  
A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll  
He reads damnation; sees its sable train  
Of grim attendants pencil'd by despair!

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes  
By painful steps arriv'd; his home, his friends,  
His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine  
Of some far-honor'd saint his costly stores,



Inverts his footstep; sickens at the sight  
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch whose hope by stern oppression chas'd  
From ev'ry earthly bliss, still as it saw  
Triumphant wrong, took wing and flew to heav'n  
And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost

And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,  
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd

To supplicate remission, smok'd no more;  
While the green weed, luxuriant round uprose

Some from their death-bed, whose delirious faith  
Thro' ev'ry stage of life to ROME's decrees

Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,  
Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt

In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard  
The last loud clarion sound, and heav'n's decree

With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.  
Nor light the grief, by superstition weigh'd,

That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge  
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,

Must sleep with brutes their vassals ; on the field ;  
Unneath some path, in marle unexorcised !  
No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear !  
No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure !  
Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd !

The priest ! alas so boundless was the ill !  
He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn ;  
The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,  
And his big paunch, distended with the spoils  
Of half his flock, emaciate, groan'd beneath  
Superior pride, and mightier lust of pow'r !  
'Twas now ROME's fondest friend, whose meagre hand  
Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads  
With nice precision, felt the deeper wound  
As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare ? for wealth, for pow'r,  
Birth, honor, virtue, enemy, and friend,  
Sunk helpless in the dreary gulph involv'd ;  
And one capricious curse envelop'd all !

Were kings secure? in tow'ring stations born,  
 In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,  
 Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;  
 As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow  
 Of some proud cliff, surveys his less'ning flock  
 In snowy groups diffusive, scud the vale.

Awhile the furious menace JOHN return'd,  
 And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon  
 Allegiance sick'ning saw its sov'reign yield,  
 An angry prey to scruples not his own.  
 The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,  
 Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,  
 And seiz'd the fauchion, resolute to guard  
 His sov'reign's right, impalsy'd at the news,  
 Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd  
 For foul desertion; drops the lifted steel,  
 And quits fame's noble harvest, to expire  
 The death of monks, of surfeit and of sloth!

At length fatigu'd with wrongs the servile king  
 Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores

To buy remission. But could these obtain?  
 No! resolute in wrongs the priest obdur'd;  
 'Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave  
 His fame, his people, and his crown he gave.  
 Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhor'd before!

And now, appear'd by delegated sway,  
 The wily pontiff scorns not to recall  
 His interdictions. Now the sacred doors  
 Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd  
 To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes  
 Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine  
 Of faint'd villainy! the pompous tomb  
 Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud  
 Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land  
 That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove  
 Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flow'r,  
 And sheds its odours; while the flocks around  
 Hungry and faint the barren sands explore  
 In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil;  
 Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,



And furnish luxury—Yet, yet in vain  
 BRITANNIA strove; and whether artful ROME  
 Carefs'd or curs'd her, superstition rag'd  
 And blinded, fetter'd and despoil'd the land.

At length some murd'rous monk, with pois'nous art  
 Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet surceas'd with JOHN's disastrous fate  
 Pontific fury! English wealth exhaust,  
 The sequent reign \* beheld the beggar'd shore  
 Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd  
 To lend, for griping unexampled hire,  
 To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.

For now with more extensive havock rag'd  
 Relentless GREC'RY, with a thousand arts,  
 And each rapacious, born to drain the world!  
 Nor shall the muse repeat, how oft he blew  
 The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold  
 Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm  
 Swell the gross hoards of HENRY, or his own.

\* Henry III. who cancell'd the Magna Charta.



Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal  
The best of charters ! dar'd absolve the tye  
Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd.  
Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold  
From ALBION'S realm to servile shores convey'd,  
Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings !  
Oh irksome days ! when wicked thrones combine  
With papal craft, to gull their native land !

Such was our fate, while ROME'S director taught  
Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,  
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,  
For vacant gluttony ; extortion, fraud,  
For av'rice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame !  
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves ! exhal'd  
From inmost EREBUS !—Such HENRY'S reign !  
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand  
To wield the peaceful sword, by JOHN erewhile  
Forc'd from its scabbard ; and with burnish'd lance  
Essay the savage cure, domestic war !

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist  
 Of general darkness. **CROSTED** \* now adorn'd  
 The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword  
 Stagg'ring delusion's frauds; at length beneath  
 ROME's interdict expiring calm, resign'd  
 No vulgar soul, that dar'd to Heav'n appeal!  
 But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain  
 Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands  
 Of monks libidinous; ere **EDWARD**'s care  
 The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd.  
 Yet was he clear of superstition's taint?  
 He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,  
 Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold  
 To fatten monks on **SALEM**'s distant soil!

Yes, the third **EDWARD**'s breast, to papal sway  
 So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,  
 Cou'd superstition quell! before the tow'rs  
 Of haggard **PARIS**, at the thunder's voice  
 He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

\* Bishop of **LINCOLN**, called *Malleus Romanorum*.

But still the night by Romish art diffus'd  
 Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes:  
 When, by soft BOURDEAU's braver queen approv'd,  
 Bold WICKLIFF rose: and while the bigot pow'r  
 Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,  
 The demon vanish'd as he spread the day,  
 So from his bosom CACUS breath'd of old  
 The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke  
 Secure awhile his recreant life sustain'd:  
 'Till fam'd ALCIDES, o'er his subtlest wiles  
 Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail, honor'd WICKLIFF! enterprizing sage!  
 An Epicurus in the cause of truth!  
 For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours  
 Of youthful spring, an æther all serene,  
 Nor all the verdure of CAMPANIA's vales,  
 Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,  
 The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,  
 And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious way!  
 As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again

Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd  
 Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,  
 And seek affection by the dreadful boon  
 Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,  
 The most extended breast, the royal HAL!  
 All unrelenting heard the Lollards' cry  
 Burst from the center of remorseless flames;  
 Their shrieks endur'd! O stain to martial praise!  
 When COBHAM, gen'rous as the noble peer  
 That wears his honors, paid the fatal price  
 Of virtue blooming, ere the storms were laid  
 'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame  
 Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye  
 The pontiff saw BRITANNIA's golden fleece,  
 Once all his own, invest her worthier sons  
 Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,  
 Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!  
 Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd  
 No labours bore proportion to the prize.

Of mankind's charity! Each angry heart



So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,  
The first fair pattern of the female frame,  
All nature's beauties in one form display'd,  
And cent'ring there, in wild amaze he stood;  
Then only envying heav'n's creative hand:  
Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts  
Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,  
Till pow'r accede: till TUDOR's wild caprice  
Smile on their cause; TUDOR, whose tyrant reign  
With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings  
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!  
Then WOLSEY rose, by nature form'd to seek  
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,  
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth  
Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from it's tow'ring height with horrid sound  
Rush'd the proud abby. Then the vaulted roofs,  
Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene  
Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar



Crawl'd, from his bedded strumpet, mutt'ring low  
An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks  
That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest  
To play some image on the gaping crowd,  
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expose  
Obvious, the fraudulent engin'ry of ROME.  
As tho' this op'ning earth to nether realms  
Shou'd flash meridian day, the hooded race  
Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd:  
And conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave  
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd  
The pest gigantic; whose revengeful stroke  
Ting'd the red annals of MARIA's reign.  
When from the tenderest breast, each wayward priest  
Cou'd banish mercy and implant a fiend!  
When cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd;  
And bound religion there, and fir'd the base!  
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb  
Fed with luxuriant-rage, in ev'ry face

Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.  
O blest ELIZA! from thy piercing beam  
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of ROME;  
Driv'n to the verge of ALBION, linger'd there,  
Then with her JAMES receding, cast behind  
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.  
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued task  
Of righteous havoc, cov'ring distant fields  
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile.  
While thro' the land the musing pilgrim sees  
A tract of brighter green, and in the midst  
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd;  
Or gothic turret, pride of ancient days!  
Now but of use to grace a rural scene;  
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons  
Of GEORGE's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!

## LOVE AND HONOR.

*Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra  
 Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,  
 Laudibus Angligenum certent : non Bactra, nec Indi,  
 Totaque turrisferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.*

## IMITATION.

Yet let not Median woods (abundant tract!)  
 Nor Ganges \* fair, nor Hæmus †, miser-like,  
 Proud of his hoarded gold, presume to vie  
 With Britain's boast and praise; nor Persian Bactra ‡,  
 Nor India's coasts, nor all Panchaia's § sands,  
 Rich, and exulting in their lofty towers.

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;  
 Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,  
 These let IBERIA boast; but if in vain,  
 To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,  
 The BRITON labours, yet our native minds,

\* *Ganges*—the greatest river, which divides the Indies in two parts.

† *Hæmus*—an high mountain dividing Thrace and Thessaly.

‡ *Bactra*—the Bactrians, provincials of Persia.

§ *Panchaia*—a country of Arabia Felix, fruitful in frankincense, and various spices, remarkable also for its many towers, and lofty buildings.

Our constant bosoms, these, the dazzled world  
May view with envy ; these, Iberian dames  
Survey with fixt esteem and fond desire.

Hapless ELVIRA ! thy disastrous fate  
May well this truth explain ; nor ill adorn  
The British lyre ; then chiefly, if the muse,  
Nor vain nor partial, from the simple guise  
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay ;  
And in less groveling accents give to fame.

ELVIRA ! loveliest maid ! th' Iberian realm  
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,  
No race more splendid, and no form so fair.  
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid,  
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil  
Of British victors, vict'ry's noblest pride !  
She, she alone, amid the wailful train  
Of captive maids, assign'd to HENRY'S care ;  
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame !

He, gen'rous youth, with no penurious hand,  
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll



Where freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more,  
Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang  
That beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours  
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,  
Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,  
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils  
Himself had worn: the frowns of angry seas,  
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell  
Than storm or foe: if haply she might find  
Her cares diminish'd; fruitless, fond essay!  
Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe  
The tender lute he gave; she not averse,  
Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand  
Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt  
Of gratitude, she said; whose just commands  
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd  
Her vocal art; harmonious, as the strain  
Of some imprison'd lark, who daily cheer'd



By guardian cares, repays them with a song :  
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint  
Disastrous passion ; how, by tyrant laws  
Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair  
Lov'd only one : nor dar'd that love reveal !  
How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek  
The damask rose full-blown ; a fever came ;  
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.  
Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,  
But vainly sought her ; torn by swifter fate  
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,  
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing task,  
She taught her artful needle to display  
The various pride of spring : then swift upsprung  
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose :  
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,  
A train of busy loves ; some pluck the flow'r,  
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace

Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.  
'Twas paint, 'twas life ! and sure to piercing eyes  
The warrior's face depictur'd HENRY'S mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd  
The royal scroll, which to their native home  
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,  
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste  
To glad his fair ELVIRA'S ear, he sprung ;  
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey ;  
But fir'd in vain ! Ah ! what was his amaze,  
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face  
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand  
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r !  
Speechless she stood ; at length with accents faint,  
" Well may my native shore, she said, resound  
" Thy monarch's praise ; and ere ELVIRA prove  
" Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel  
" The soft'ring breeze, and nature change her laws !"

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd  
The British host. Around the smiling youths

Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste  
Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love  
That weds each bosom to its native soil.  
The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime  
How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets  
To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not so ELVIRA! she, disastrous maid,  
Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chance cou'd loose  
The subtle bands; she lov'd her gen'rous foe.  
She, where her HENRY dwelt; her HENRY smil'd,  
Cou'd term her native shore; her native shore  
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,  
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd  
The swelling sails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd  
Their pennants gay, and halcyons' azure wing  
With flight auspicious skim'd the placid main.  
On her lone couch in tears ELVIRA lay,  
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,  
And wish'd a storm as merciless, as tore

Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove  
To banish passion; now the vassal days,  
The captive moments that so smoothly pass;  
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute  
With trembling fingers call'd the fav'rite sounds  
Which HENRY deign'd to praise; and now essay'd  
With mimic chains of filken fillets wove  
To paint her captive state; if any fraud  
Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,  
And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch  
On ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu  
To his fair pris'ner. She, soon as she heard  
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd  
The raging flame; but with a spreading blush,  
And rising sigh, the latent pang disclos'd.

" Yes, gen'rous youth! I see thy bosom glow  
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine  
To solve my chains; and to my weeping friends,  
And every longing relative, restore

A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey !  
But know, my soldier, never youthful mind,  
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence  
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound  
To languish out his bloom, could match the pains  
This ill-star'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom ? is it that these limbs  
From rigid bolts secure, may wander far  
From him I love ? Alas ! ere I may boast  
That sacred blessing, some superior pow'r  
To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,  
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul.  
Ev'n that I loath ; all liberty I loath !  
But most the joyless privilege to gaze  
With cold indifference, where desert is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes  
I ask alone to please ; my fortune's crime !  
And ah ! this flatter'd form by dress endear'd  
To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,



Whilst I, ill-fated maid ! ordain'd to strive  
With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet HENRY's beauties knew in foreign garb  
To vanquish me ; his form, howe'er disguis'd,  
To me were fatal ! no fantastic robe  
That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,  
Or folly smil'd on, cou'd eclipse thy charms.

Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd  
Thy country's foe, ELVIRA's warmest plea  
Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires ;  
My tenderest glances, but the specious flow'rs  
That shade the viper while she plots her wound.  
And can the trembling candidate of love  
Awake thy fears ? and can a female breast,  
By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare ?  
Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile  
For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown ?  
Heav'n search my soul, and if thro' all its cells  
Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile ;  
Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath

May fate exhaust ; and for my happiest hour  
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee !

Ah me ! nor HENRY's, nor his country's foe,  
On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd  
Dim error's gloom, and to thy favor'd isle  
Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.  
Oh ! lovely region to the candid eye !  
'Twas there my fancy saw the virtues dwell,  
The loves, the graces play ; and blest the soil  
That nurtur'd thee ! for sure the virtues form'd  
Thy gen'rous breast ; the loves, the graces plan'd  
Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth essay'd  
Their partial pow'r in vain : again I gaz'd,  
And ALBION's isle appear'd, amidst a tract  
Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies !  
And thou by nature form'd, by fate assign'd  
To paint the genius of thy native shore.

'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling scene  
Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,  
IBERIA glows : but ah ! the genial sun,

That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r,  
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast !  
Beams forth ungentle influences. There  
Sits jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray  
Exultant lights his slow-consuming fires.  
Not such thy charming region ; long before  
My sweet experience taught me to decide  
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.  
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn  
Stranger to British worth ? the worth which forms  
The kindest friends ; the most tremendous foes ;  
First, best supports of liberty and love !  
No, let subjected INDIA, while she throws  
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.  
Long as I heard, or ere in story read  
Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast  
Wish'd them success, and happiest she, I cry'd,  
Of women happiest she, who shares the love,  
The fame, the virtues of an English lord.  
And now what shall I say ? blest be the hour

Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores :  
Blest did I say the time ? if I may bless  
That lov'd event, let HENRY'S smiles declare.  
Our hearts and cities won, will HENRY'S youth  
Forego its nobler conquest ? will he slight  
The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil ?  
And yet IBERIA'S sons with every vow  
Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms  
Were not excell'd ; the source of all their pains,  
And love her just desert, who sues for love ;  
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

Perhaps in HENRY'S eye (for vulgar minds  
Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain  
On honest fame, amid his train to bear  
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth !  
Not love himself, with all the pointed pains  
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul  
From honor's laws. ELVIRA once deny'd  
A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies,

When elements discordant vex the sky,  
Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet if the specious with the vulgar voice  
Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine,  
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame  
Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms  
Or hair-breadth scapes that haunt the boundless deep,  
And force from tender eyes the silent tear;  
When mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests  
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene  
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage  
Of conqu'ring heroes brave, the female mind,  
When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way  
Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns.  
Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love."

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,  
Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye:  
There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere  
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.

"Forgive me, gen'rous maid, the youth return'd,  
If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore



To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!  
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield  
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow.  
But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,  
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms  
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave,  
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait  
My warring sword: if conquest, fame and spoil  
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour  
The glitt'ring treasure, and the laurel wreath;  
Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil.  
If fortune frown'd adverse; and death forbade  
The blissful union, with my latest breath  
To dwell on MEDWAY'S and MARIA'S name.  
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul  
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd  
To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.  
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,  
Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love?  
Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone

Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?  
And shall that vessel, whose approaching fails  
Shall swell her breast with extasies, convey  
Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?  
No! may the deep my villain-corse devour,  
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,  
If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,  
If thine, ELVIRA, thine, uniting all!  
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast  
Demand, what honor, faith, and love denies.”

“ Oh! happy she, rejoin'd the pensive maid,  
Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!  
And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice  
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.  
Farewel my luckless hopes, my flatt'ring dreams  
Of rapt'rous days! my guilty suit, farewell!  
Yet fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound  
That waits my fame, let not the random shaft  
Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames:  
They love with caution, and with happier stars.

And oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts  
Of levity, nor brand ELVIRA's flame;  
By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;  
By hope confirm'd; with artless truth reveal'd;  
Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid  
Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,  
But mock misfortune, to thy favorite's hand  
With care convey. And well may such adorn  
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone  
The source of every transport; but disgrace  
My penfive breast, which doom'd to lasting woe,  
In thee the source of ev'ry bliss resign.

And now farewell, thou darling youth! the gem  
Of English merit! peace, content, and joy,  
And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!  
Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind  
Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth  
His ev'ning pillow; dance around his groves;  
And, where he treads, with vi'lets paint his way.

But leave ELVIRA! leave her, now no more  
Your frail companion! in the sacred cells  
Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame:  
There, to the matin bell, obsequious, pour  
My constant orisons. The wanton loves  
And gay desires shall spy the glimm'ring tow'rs,  
And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd  
That never shall ELVIRA's tongue conclude  
Her shortest pray'r ere HENRY's dear success  
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind  
Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem  
By native customs; dress, and face, and air,  
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.  
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow  
Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave  
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu  
Esteem could warrant, weary'd heav'n with pray'rs  
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd; and to the cloister's pensive scene  
ELVIRA shap'd her solitary way.



## THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

*Audite voces, vagitus & ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VIRG.*

IMITATION.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,  
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender  
ear.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
To think how modest worth neglected lies;  
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn  
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;  
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:  
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try  
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;  
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,  
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.



In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,  
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;  
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;  
They griev'd fore, in piteous durance pent,  
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;  
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
Which leaning near her little dome did stowe;  
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow;  
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;  
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;  
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,  
And snap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)  
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;  
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;  
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;  
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy  
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!  
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
On which the tribe their gambols do display;  
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray;  
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
Do learning's little tenement betray:  
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield :  
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trôwe,  
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field :  
 And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield  
 Tway birchin sprays ; with anxious fear entwin'd,  
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd ;  
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,  
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,  
 The childish faces of old Eol's train ;  
 LIBS, NOTUS, AUSTER\* : these in frowns array'd,  
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,  
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?  
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

\* The south-west wind, south, &c. &c.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;  
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;  
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;  
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
 Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare ;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on  
 ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;  
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;  
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear :  
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honor'd eld with these revere :  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a mind that did that title love.



One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;  
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;  
Such favor did her past deportment claim:  
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;  
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she  
found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak  
That in her garden sip'd the silv'ry dew;  
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak;  
But herbs for use, and phyfic, not a few,  
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:  
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh baum, and mary-gold of cheerful hue;  
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;  
And more I fain would sing, disdain'g here to rhyme.



Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;  
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue ;  
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;  
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherds posie found ;  
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,  
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd  
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;  
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found  
A sacred shelter for its branches here ;  
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.  
Oh wassel days ! O customs meet and well !  
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere :  
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,  
Hymned such psalms as STERNHOLD forth did mete,  
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;  
But in her garden found a summer seat:  
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat  
How ISRAEL'S sons, beneath a foreign king,  
While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,  
All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,  
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;  
And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore  
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;  
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;  
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,  
That nould on wooden image place her creed;  
And lawny fairs in smould'ring flames did burn:  
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem  
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,  
In which, when he receives his diadem,  
Our sov'reign prince and liefeft liege is plac'd,  
The matron fate; and some with rank she grac'd,  
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)  
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;  
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;  
To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise;  
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
And some entice with pittance small of praise;  
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:  
Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,  
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;  
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!  
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are;  
 To save from fingers wet the letters fair:  
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
 St. GEORGE'S high atchievements does declare;  
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been  
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
 Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!  
 As erst the \* bard by MULLA'S silver stream,  
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the strippling's late delight!  
 And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,  
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,  
His little sister doth his peril see:  
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;  
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;  
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:  
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,  
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;  
And hardly she forbears thro' awful fear,  
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.  
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!  
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)  
She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;  
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.



But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?  
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?  
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain ?  
 When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,  
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;  
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke pro-  
 claim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,  
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care :  
 By turns, astoni'd, ev'ry twig survey,  
 And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware ;  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;  
 'Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair ;  
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,  
 And ginger-bread y-rare ; now, certes, doubly sweet !

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,  
 And in befeemly order sitten there;  
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he  
 Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair;  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)   
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare  
 His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be care's'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,  
 His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.  
 O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!  
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:  
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall  
 claim,  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;  
 Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns;  
 And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;  
 And many a fullen look ascance is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!  
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,  
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,  
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:  
 Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;  
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,  
 Like VERNON's patriot soul; more justly great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!  
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show  
A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
And there a chancellour in embryo,  
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
As MILTON, SHAKESPEAR, names that ne'er shall die!  
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,  
Nor weeting how the muse shou'd soar on high,  
Wisbeth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,  
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
Shall DENNIS be! if rigid fates incline,  
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;  
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;  
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd  
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,  
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is  
here?"



But now DAN PHŒBUS gains the middle skie,  
And liberty unbars her prison-door;  
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er  
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;  
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run;  
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!  
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,  
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,  
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs;  
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;  
For never may ye taste more careless hours  
In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs.  
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!  
But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs;  
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring  
Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.



See in each sprite some various bent appear !  
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;  
Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer  
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;  
Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;  
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;  
Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,  
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,  
Each season's stores in order ranged been ;  
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
Galling full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen ;  
And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;  
And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,  
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :  
O may no wight e'er pennylefs come there,  
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,  
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,  
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;  
And must be bought, tho' penury betide.  
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,  
And here each season, do those cakes abide,  
Whose honor'd names th' inventive city own,  
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.\*

Admir'd SALOPIA! that with venial pride  
Eyes her bright form in SEVERN's ambient wave,  
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,  
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:  
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,  
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!  
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,  
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;  
'Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

\* SHREWSBURY cakes.

THE END.

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